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THE CENTURY BIRD.

BY W. H. WOODHAMS.

Oh! Century Bird, proudest bird of the air,
With gale-piercing pinions, that fiercest storms dare;
Thy talons are power, up, up shalt thou tower,
And the roll of a year be to thee as an hour.

Chorus—Oh Eagle, white crested, of liberty symbol,
Thy talons of steel mate the glance of thine eye,
Those broad waving pinions glide over dominions,
From ocean to ocean, no bounds to thy sky.

Red lightnings of war fierce flashed in the sky,
Round nest wild and rugged, on rock lone and high,
Rough, rude was thy birth, but sunshine burst forth,
And thro' the dun war-cloud, shed light on the earth.

Chorus—Oh Eagle, etc.

Oh! Bird of our country, thy century of years,
Has tossed to the light winds the nation's young fears,
On story so bright no mark of time's might
Shall dim thy proud plumage or shadow thy sight.

Chorus—Oh Eagle, etc.

NED'S HOLIDAY.

BY OLIVE BELL.

Little Ned Armstrong's heart ached for a holiday. A holiday suggestive of long, dreamy rambles through sunny fields and shady woodlands, and a dabbling of brown feet in the warm waters of brooks whose silvery murmur was the sweetest music Ned had ever heard.

But what right had *he* to a holiday? A poor, little ten-year-old orphan, bound to an exacting master, who had forgotten the sunny rambles so dear to his own boyish heart, and who resolutely shut his ears to all Ned's appeals for a holiday.

Yet Ned longed for it day and night. And incessant longing added to that hopeless craving after something or some fragment of lost happiness, apart from the dull routine of his daily life, whitened his thin cheeks and left purple circles under the dreamy, hazel eyes so full of pathetic sadness and wordless pain.

For ever since Ned had been old enough to know what pain was he had never been without physical pain. Now it was here, now it was there, but always somewhere, sapping the strength out of the boy's limbs and the buoyancy out of the hungry child's heart. Yet Ned never complained, for he had an indistinct idea that complaints in his case would meet with little sympathy.

He remembered though how tenderly his dear, dead mother had soothed away every ache in the happy days of his childhood, and how her low voice had often lulled him to sleep. Ah! many a sleepless night poor little Ned spent thinking over her loving words and wondering why God did not take such a weak, useless little mortal to himself. Nobody cared for him as he tossed restlessly upon his cot-bed, and no mother's soft palms ever held his throbbing temples in her's until the dreary ache was charmed away. And Ned grew hopeless and went about his work with such a tired look on his young face that his master chided him.

"Ned," he said to the lad one April morning, "what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," was Ned's reply as he languidly went about the counting room gathering up scraps of paper.

Mr. Nellis glanced at him sharply. "It's laziness," he muttered to himself, adding in a louder tone, "Ned, take this package of papers down to the bank and be lively about it."

"Yes, sir."

Ned took up the package and went out of the office slowly. But the bright sunshine gilding the city streets, the pure, bracing air and genial warmth of the April morning invigorated him, and renewed strength came into his weak body as he walked down to the bank. He was back at the office in a short time, and stood before Mr. Nellis with glowing eyes.

"Please, sir," he said meekly, "can I have a holiday?"

"A what?"

Ned shrank back and looked up in a scared way at the hard face of Mr. Nellis.

"A holiday, sir. I would like to go out into the woods, and—"

"Nonsense! Who ever heard of such impudence! You must remember, sir, that your work barely pays for your clothes and lodging now."

Ned shrank farther away from his master, and wrung his little hands.

"O," he cried piteously, "please let me go out into the country one day, just one! I'm so tired and weak."

"Can't spare you. Sort over those papers and handle your fingers," was his master's sullen reply.

Ned went back to his work. All that day and the next, and for many dreary days he toiled at work that would have broken down a more robust constitution.

"That bound-boy of your's is growing as thin as a shadow, Nellis," a friend said to the merchant about two weeks later. "What ails him?"

"Laziness."

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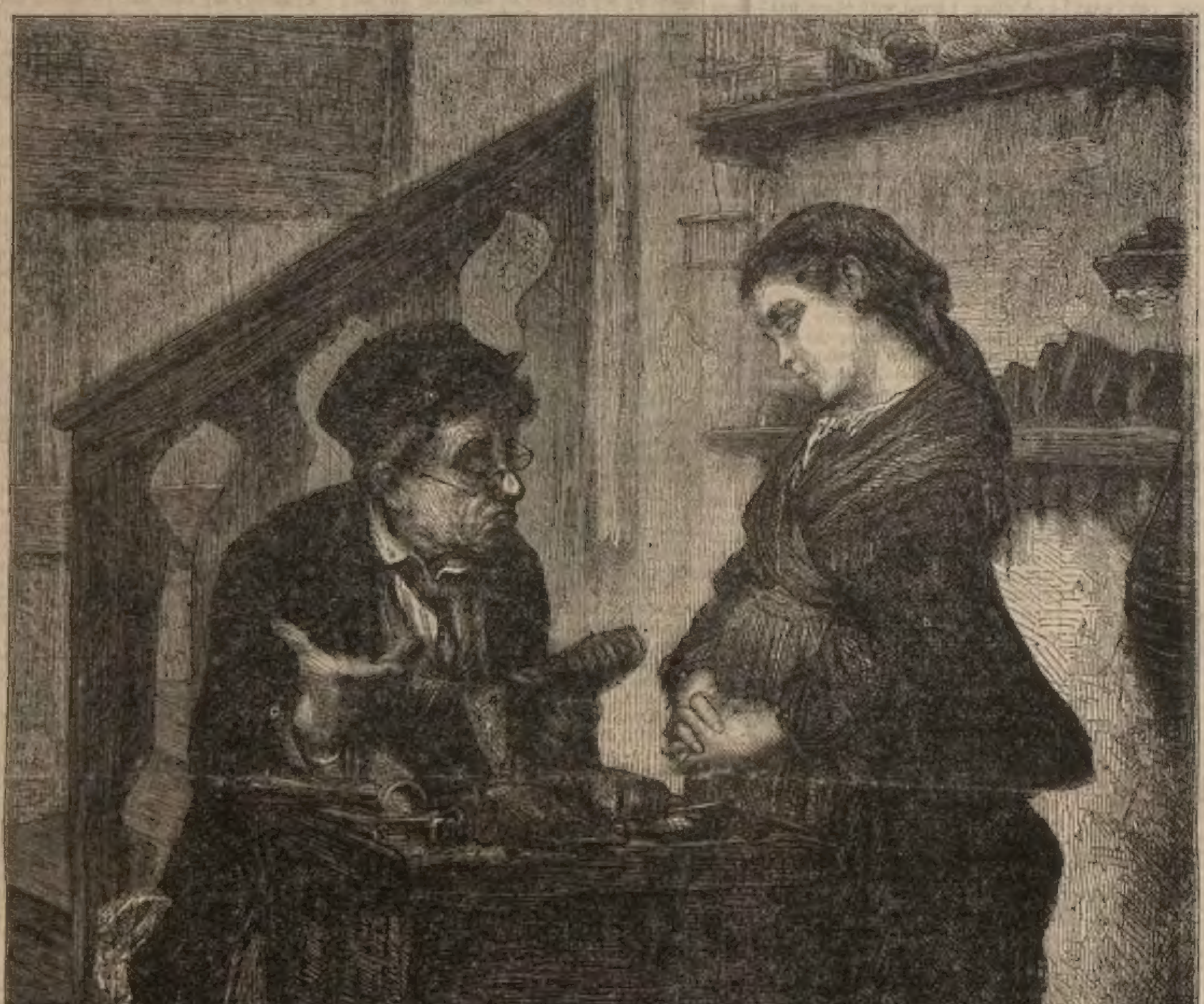


"WHAT CAN WE DO WITH THIS?"—(*See Fourth Page.*)

"You work him too hard," said the gentleman dryly. "Fancy anybody idling his time about you."

Mr. Nellis laughed.

"I am a worker myself. I am teaching that boy habits of industry that will be the life of him."

"The death of him, you mean to say, Nellis. That boy is dying on his feet. Take my advice and give him a day's rest, now and then."

"Thank you, Benton," said Mr. Nellis in a displeased tone. "Work wont kill anybody; and when Ned needs rest I will give it to him."

But when his friend left the office Mr. Nellis called Ned to him.

"You are not well, Ned?" Mr. Nellis said.

"Well enough, only weak," said Ned, sitting down on a low stool with one hand on his side.

"Have you any pain?"

"In my side and chest."

"Do you cough any?" Mr. Nellis glanced at the red spots on Ned's cheeks.

"O, yes, sir; I've coughed all winter."

"Well, Ned, if next Saturday is pleasant you can have it for a holiday," said Mr. Nellis blandly.

"Thank you, sir," was Ned's pleased reply, as he jumped up and went back to his work.

Poor Ned! What a happy face he wore after that. How the thoughts of that holiday cheered him! That night, after eating his cold supper, he went cheerily up to his six-by-nine room in the attic of Mr. Nellis's mansion, and knelt down by his little bed and prayed that God would spare him another week—for Ned felt the weakness of death creeping over him and yearned for a glimpse of the meadows around the old church-yard, where his parents slept their last sleep. Meadows so fair, sunny and starred with flowers that Ned fancied they must be types of the fadeless meadows beyond the river.

Ned lay awake for hours that night thinking of the treat in store for him. His earliest and happiest years had been spent in the country where trees sheltered the brown cottage from the noonday heat, and wild roses peeped in at the low windows as if envious of the happiness within. Ned remembered, as one remembers, a beautiful dream; how cool and damp were the buttercups he crushed with his brown baby feet, and how his mother romped with him under the trees, crowned him with violets and then tucked him under snowy covers in a tiny bed where Ned slept the sleep of innocence, guarded by the watchful eyes that, perhaps, were watching over him still.

"For surely mother and father can see me," he whispers softly as he looks up at the blue sky, where the sickle moon was slowly sailing through milk-white clouds, that Ned thought must be angels' wings.

Sleep closed the weary eyelids at last, and the damp, musty air of the Nellis ware-rooms were forgotten; for the weakness and weariness that oppressed him during his waking hours, was felt no longer. For Ned lived over his holiday in his dreams, and Ned's first thought, when the morning broke, was of his holiday.

Saturday came at length, and Ned stood before Mr. Nellis, hat in hand.

"Can I go now, sir?"

The merchant dared not meet the child's eager eyes:

"I am sorry, Ned, but we cannot spare you to-day; some other day will do as well," he said, as he turned to his desk.

"O, Mr. Nellis, you said to-day!" wailed Ned, his voice full of sadness and disappointment.

"No matter what I said," tartly responded his master, "you cannot be spared to-day."

Ned turned away. All the strength seemed to be leaving his frail body. For there is nothing buoys us up like hope, and nothing casts us down like hope deferred.

Ned went back to his duties, patiently and meekly, and without one hard thought against his master. He had endured so much that this disappointment seemed only a part of his young life. Mr. Nellis did not mean to be unkind to him, he thought, but he might have kept his promise. It might seem a light matter to him, but a promise seemed a sacred obligation in Ned's eyes, and his master's words troubled him sorely. "Some other day," might answer for him, a strong, healthy man, but not for Ned, who was hungering for a breath of pure air.

Time wore on, and May came, without Ned's holiday. He was still waiting for permission to go, but the hazel eyes had a restless, feverish light in them now, and a red spot glowed like a spark of flame on the wasted cheeks.

One evening he went home ill and tired, and was met by Mr. Nellis in the hall.

"Ned, go back to the office, and bring me a package of papers I left in my desk," he said, giving Ned a bunch of keys. "I would rather lose half my fortune than those papers. So bring them home safe, Ned, and I'll let you have to-morrow to yourself."

Ned's eyes glistened.

"You'll keep your word this time?" he questioned as he took the bunch of keys.

"Most assuredly I will," smiled Mr. Nellis, who really meant to keep his word. He did not intend to misuse or treat the boy unkindly, but he was a man who loved this world's wealth too well to give his care or time to the welfare of the poor bound boy; forgetting in his greedy lust for gain that some day this child's soul might be required of him.

Meantime Ned was on the street, on his way to the office. He had a fashion of gazing upward as he walked, and as the night had settled down over the busy city, and the hilltops in the distance were tipped with the lingering glow of a gorgeous sunset, the sky was inexpressibly beautiful. In fact, Ned forget how weak and ill he was, and fell to wondering what made such a glow in the east, or where the purple smoke came from that curled up to the azure sky, like a serpent, fold upon fold.

"Fire!" rang out the brazen bells, and as Ned quickened his steps, he saw the Nellis block was in flames.

"The papers!" he cried, and ran swiftly down the street. The ware-rooms of his master were a mass of flames. But Ned pushed his way through the crowd, and made a rush for the door.

"I must go in!" he cried to a man, who opposed his entrance. "I must save the papers."

"You can't go," said the fireman, "the walls may fall in an instant."

"I must, indeed I must go!" screamed the boy, breaking from the man and rushing into the dense smoke that filled the rooms.

How Ned reached the desk and secured the package of papers, none but God ever knew; but a deafening shout went up when Ned staggered out into the street, hatless, and scorched with the intense heat. His hands clasped a bundle of papers, and he was muttering faintly—

"I've got 'em—every one!"

"Ned!" shouted Mr. Nellis, who had heard the alarm and followed the boy, "have you saved them?"

"All right, sir!" gasped Ned, falling into his master's arms.

"Ned, you're a hero. You shall have a month's rest for this!" said Mr. Nellis, as he bore the boy to a place of safety. "Rouse up, Ned; don't you want a holiday?"

"I've—got—it," gasped poor Ned, as a smile parted his blue lips. He was dead.

And Mr. Nellis knew Ned's holiday would be spent among the fields beyond Jordan, and would last forever.

* * *

LAUGHTER.—This very often shows the bright side of a man. It brings out his happier nature, and shows of what sort of stuff he is made. Somehow we feel as if we never thoroughly know a man until we hear him laugh. We do not feel "at home" with him till then. We do not mean a mere snigger, but a good, hearty, round laugh. The solemn, sober visage, like a Sunday dress, tells nothing of the real man. He may be very silly, or very profound, very cross or very jolly. Let us hear him laugh, and we can decipher him at once, and tell how his heart beats.

* * *

ENEMIES AND FRIENDS.—Be assured those will be thy worst enemies, not to whom thou hast done evil, but whom have done evil to thee. And those will be thy best friends, not to whom thou hast done good, but who have done good to thee.

* * *

THAT man only is truly educated who has been so trained in his youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and performs with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of doing.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XL—(CONTINUED.)

Naomi was glad to think that she was going to see something cheerful. The gloom of the dining-room had been more depressing than the ghostly pallor of the drawing-room.

They went up the uncarpeted staircase to a gallery which occupied the whole length of the house, with a row of narrow windows looking westward, and a deep oaken seat in each window. Here there were family portraits of the usual character; sea-pieces, battle-pieces, and a Dutch picture or two to give a touch of human interest to the collection. Here too there were some old delf jars, filled with dried rose-leaves—roses that had been gathered by fingers that were now clay, and which exhaled an odour of the past.

Oswald showed his betrothed the untenanted rooms, all neatly kept by the indefatigable housemaid. The room that had been his mother's was the prettiest Naomi had seen yet. The white walls, embellished with carved garlands of fruit and flowers; the old furniture, painted white; a narrow old-fashioned bookcase on each side of the fireplace; cabinets of shells and sea-weeds between the windows, local shells and local weeds, which the Squire's young wife had collected in her idle uneventful days.

Naomi went eagerly to look at the books. They were many of them strange to her even in name. Old poets—Spenser, Cowley, Waller, Dryden, Prior, Pope—in white vellum, with gilded lettering. The Essayists, in neat duodecimo volumes, with faded calf bindings; Richardson's voluminous novels, in thin octavos, bound in brown. Naomi read the titles with keenest interest. The great world of books was an unknown region to her, save for such feeble glimmer as was afforded by the *Pocket Magazine*, a folio Milton, with awful mezzotint pictures of Sin and Death, Satan and his Council, which she used to look at shudderingly in her childhood, and those books of a theological or devotional character which formed the staple of the minister's small collection. Joshua had never been a great reader, save of his Bible and those good old Puritan divines whose teaching was after his own heart. His life had been too full and busy to admit of his acquiring the habits of a student. He read the Scriptures, or Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, or Law's *Serious Call* by the wayside.

"What dear little books!" exclaimed Naomi, admiring the neat rows of thin volumes, literature spread over a wide surface.

"They all belonged to my grandfather, and came to my mother at his death. She was very fond of them, the poets especially."

"I did not know there were so many poets. I knew of Pope and Spenser, but all these other names are strange to me. Why have you never told me about them?"

"They are dead, my dear; gone to the limbo of forgotten genius. Byron sent the whole crew to Hades. They have a kind of fossil life in old-fashioned libraries, like flies in amber. Their music was sweet to mawkishness, their loves and sufferings were as unreal as their periwigs; they were the poets of a patchbox and powder period."

He took out a volume of Waller and read the "Lines to Amoret," that elegant excuse for being in love with two women at once:

"Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.
Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline:
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain."

"Not a bad definition of the love that satisfies and the love that intoxicates, is it, Naomi?" asked Oswald, as he closed the book. "These periwigged poets reduced love to a science. You are my Amoret, Naomi, and have given life and gladness to my heart."

"I hope you may never meet your Sacharissa," replied Naomi gravely, "since it seems that poets can love two women at once."

"My dearest, that was written in the days of Charles II., when poets were fops and courtiers, and it was incumbent on a court poet to have a new mistress as often as he had a new coat. It was a scenic age, unreal as a stage play; and yet there were true lovers and broken hearts while Charles Stuart was king; but you'll find no trace of them among his poets."

"I'm afraid I'm not clever enough to like that kind of poetry."

"But you like my mother's room, Naomi?"

"It is lovely."

"I am so glad to hear you say that. It will be your own after next March."

"I have been trying to think of this house as my home, Oswald; but I have such a strange feeling about it. I cannot imagine myself living here. I cannot make a picture of our new life. It all seems far away and shadowy, like my idea of the life to come, which neither my own faith nor my father's teaching could ever make real or visible to me. I must have a very weak imagination."

"Perhaps you have too much common sense, Naomi. You will not give your fancies scope. You think of yourself as Naomi Haggard living in your father's house in Combhollow, and you can't realise the fact that next year you will be Naomi Peutreth, and sole mistress of these desolate old rooms. Even my father looks forward to it with pleasant anticipations."

"He is very good. If it were not foolish or even wicked to give heed to such fancies, I should think that this feeling of mine was a presentiment—that God does not intend me ever to live the happy life you speak of. It is such a settled feeling in my mind to-day; it comes between me and my happiness, just as those stormy clouds come between us and the day."

"Naomi!"

"O, it is because I love you so dearly, Oswald! I cannot believe that Heaven means me to be so perfectly happy all my life, to have no sorrows, no trials, —I who have been taught that our journey on earth is to lead us through thorny places,—your love given to me in all its fulness. It is too much to expect from Providence."

"My dearest, you have been taught a gloomy creed. Do you suppose Providence has never favored true lovers—never smiled on a happy union before our time? There are old men and women who loved each other fifty years ago just as faithfully as you and I love to-day, and who have climbed the hill of life and gone down into the valley hand-in-hand. Providence means us to be happy for the most part, I believe, Naomi. Earth's most miserable men are those who have made their own sorrows. That is my creed."

The Squire's harsh croak was heard in the hall below at this moment, and made an end of the conversation. Oswald took Naomi down to greet her future father-in-law, who had ridden home from one of his outlying farms in the rain, and was changing his coat and boots with the assistance of the old butler.

He stopped in the operation to kiss Naomi.

"We were caught in the storm, father, while we were sketching in the wood," said Oswald. "I brought Naomi in for shelter. I've been showing her my mother's sitting-room."

"Very proper. It will be here when she's married. She'll keep her accounts there, and do her sewing; won't you, my dear? My shirts and cravats are in a wretched state. It'll be a blessing to have a clever young woman like you to look after them. What a dreadful storm! It will do no end of mischief to the corn where it isn't cut—an excuse for tenants being backward with their Christmas rent."

"The rain has stopped, I think," said Naomi timidly, looking out through the open door, "and I must go home to tea."

"Never mind your tea, my dear. Oswald shall get you a dish of tea before you go," said the Squire, in a gush of hospitality.

But Naomi declared that her father would be alarmed at her absence; and the storm being really over, Oswald and she set out for Combhollow.

CHAPTER XII.

"SHE IS FAST MY WIFE."

September was nearly ended. Harvest homes were over, and in Combhollow there was a general impression that winter was a season in the immediate future, and that linsey and merino would be soon the only wear. Household fires began to have a cherry look in the dusk, and ruddy light flickered on the walls and ceilings of cosy parlors at tea-time,—in that dim hour when the busiest housewife might lay aside her daily task of making or mending, and fold her hands for a brief span, with virtuous sense of having earned the luxury of repose. while she discussed the character or prospects of her neighbors, or talked of that last dreadful murder chronicled in the county papers, or the latest scandal about England's crownless queen.

Joshua had gone on another journey in this tranquil autumn weather. He had not told his family much about the object or design of this last excursion, but had contented himself with stating that it was a matter of business which called him away, and that he should be absent at most a week.

Judith was not a little offended at this reticence.

"I don't know what's come over your father that he's taken to gadding," she said to Naomi. "He's never been the same man since he went to open young Wild's chapel. One would think it had turned his head. And yet it was no great honor for him to be asked to do it—an out-of-the-way place like that, where the people are as ignorant as negro slaves, I daresay."

"I can see no change in father," replied Naomi. "He is as good as he has always been, and as thoughtful for others. If there is any change, it is that he seems kinder than ever."

"Ah!" exclaimed Judith, with vexation; "what's the use of talking to girls in love? It's throwing away good words. You've no eyes nor ears for any one but your lover. If you were in the business you'd see the change in your father fast enough. Half his time his wits are wool-gathering."

"Perhaps he's thinking of his sermons, aunt."

"He never used to think of 'em when he was behind his counter."

Naomi had no further explanation to offer. It had indeed seemed to her of late that her father was kinder and more sympathetic than she had ever known him to be since the days of her childhood, when she had been his prattling companion in many a rustic walk. He had entered into her feelings about Oswald, he had talked to her of her future; and to Oswald himself he had been all kindness and indulgence. Never had her home been pleasanter to her, or her life happier, than during the last three months. Perhaps this is why she had found it so difficult to imagine herself transferred to any other home, the scene of her life shifted from the homely house in the High-street to the gloomy dignity of the Grange.

Joshua had been absent more than ten days, a breach of faith upon which Aunt Judith enlarged with some bitterness.

"A stranger in the pulpit and our last butter-cask nearly empty. If that isn't a change in your father I don't know the meaning of the word. But some people can twist words any way; one 'ud need a new dictionary to understand 'em,' exclaimed the anxious housewife, as she and Naomi sat together at tea in the glow of an afternoon fire.

Jim had gone to Barnstaple to order goods. He was gradually emerging from the chrysalis of boyhood, and showing an aptitude for business which his aunt lauded as the crowning ornament of manhood. He was sharp and energetic, intensely matter of fact, and more eager for gain than his father cared to see him, but a good boy withal, soft-hearted and kindly.

"Perhaps father may be home to-night," said Naomi soothingly.

"Ah, that's what you said last night, and the night before last. If he isn't home to-night or to-morrow there'll be no service on Sunday, for Mr. Scrupel only promised for the one Sabbath. And there'd be a pass for things to come to! How could your father hold his head up in Combhollow after that?"

"I am sure my father won't neglect his duty."

"Won't he? How about our next cask of butter? Where's that to come from I should like to know, before we've been out of Irish ever so long? It was more than I would take upon myself to write to Ireland for it."

"You might have ordered another cask, aunt."

"I wouldn't be so venturesome. A deal of thanks I should get for my pains if the butter turned out rancid. No, Naomi; if your father neglects his business he must bear the brunt of his own conduct; and if there's no service on the Sabbath—"

"There will be service," cried Naomi, starting from her chair at the sound of a vehicle drawing up in front of the gate. "That's father!"

"Why, there's no coach to bring him at this time, child. The Barnstaple mail won't be in for a good hour. Why, bless us and save us, if it isn't a post-shay with a trunk on the roof, too!" exclaimed Aunt Judith, looking out of the window. "Your father took nothing with him but a bag, and unless he was gone clean out of his mind he wouldn't come home in a shay."

"He may be ill," cried Naomi, alarmed; for this apparition of a post-chaise was one of those startling appearances which must mean something out of the common—possibly evil.

"It must be a mistake," said Aunt Judith, following Naomi into the passage. "No, there's Joshua getting out, and no more the matter with him than there is with me," she added, in a tone of disgust.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POSTSCRIPTS.

—England imports annually from France, Belgium and Germany 80,000 tons of fruit, 23,000,000 tons of dried vegetables, 6,000 tons of chestnuts and 175,000 tons potatoes.

The Massachusetts Legislature has done a noble thing in passing a law prohibiting children under ten years of age working hereafter in the factories in that State.

—Herbert Spencer says that the gold ring now worn by married women is the sign of the iron ring that was worn about the neck or ankle in olden times, and indicates the submission of the wearer.

—Tyndall's first professional act after his marriage was to write an article recommending the adoption of glass rockers for cradles. He attributes the prevalence of gout among infants to loss of electricity.

—France has one man under arms for every 82 persons of the population; Germany, 1 in 98; Italy, 1 in 114; Russia, 1 in 127; Austria, 1 in 150, and England, 1 in 212, without counting the men in the Indian service.

—Young men must not be deluded by the name of "Centennial cocktail," into the belief that they can drink a hundred with impunity. Perhaps, however, it is a good idea if they desire to make an Exposition of themselves.

—A startling rumor comes from Paris that long gloves reaching nearly to the elbow and requiring twenty buttons will be essential to every well-dressed lady this year! Also, that without court-plaster no true toilet will be complete. Twenty buttons and patches!

—Just before adjournment the New York Legislature passed a law prohibiting the performance of children in the ring, either as tight-rope walker or equestrians, and it will effectually end the business in that State. Every State should have a similar statute.

—About three thousand barrels of flour are consumed in Philadelphia daily. As each makes two hundred and eighty pounds of bread, it will be seen that we eat up daily eight hundred and forty thousand pounds. The bakers charge four cents per pound, which makes the cost thirty-three thousand six-hundred dollars per day, or twelve million two-hundred and ninety-four thousand dollars per annum.

—About sixty-two years since London was first lighted by gas. Soon thereafter Paris and other cities in Europe were similarly lit. Baltimore has the honor of being the first city in the United States to introduce this illuminating medium. A few days later Boston and New York followed her example, and, twelve years thereafter—about 1834—Philadelphia discarded her vile smelling, dim, but costly oil-burning lamps for the new cheaper and better light of gas.

—Oysters in England cost, at the place where the beds were planted, one shilling per tub in 1832. They now cost from forty to fifty shillings. Precisely the capacity of the tub is not stated, and the English and American price cannot be compared on this statement. The rise in value in England is something remarkable. But it comes from scarcity of the article, not increase of consumption. At one place—Falmouth—700 men and boys were employed in the fisheries at the shilling rate. Now only about 50 find employment. This indicates an "oyster famine."

—That "cantata" of Sidney Lanier's was telegraphed over the county, and the magic wire revised and amended it very much. "Grown foul beds in alien air" appeared in a Milwaukee paper as "Green bed fowls," while one paper made the word Beds "bats" and another made it "Rads"—short for Radicals! In an Oshkosh print, "old shapes," appeared as "oldish apes," and "Masks of Things" was turned out "Mask of Thugs." On the whole the meditation was not improved much after all.—*Graphic.*

—A widow and a widower, strangers, in a Boston street car, with the widow's little daughter between them. "Don't fall, baby —papa would be sorry," says the widower, as the car lurches. The child says: "Papa's dead," and the widow gently weeps. "You dot any little dirls?" continues the little one. "I had a little girl, but she and her mother died," was the reply. Tears in the widower's eyes. Mutual sympathy. That is the way, according to the *Globe*, that the making of a matrimonial match began in what it calls "prosaic Boston."

—Grand weddings they have in Mississippi! At the last one we are told that the bride was "exquisitely attired in heavy white gros-grain silk with trailing wreaths of starry jasmine and milky myrtle blooms, as delicately perfect as if fashioned by the fairy hand of nature. Over the white splendour of the silk, toning its gloss into a glimmer, dashed foamy waves of illusion, as if the sea of happiness that seemed stretching out at her feet had flung up visible white spray to bless her bridal garments. Crowned with her bridal coronet, half hidden in the folds of her wedding veil, this young lady reminded one of a radiant star in a veil of mist." Music!

TO-MORROW WILL BE BRIGHTER.

BY ETHEL HOLMES.

To-morrow will be brighter, sister mine!
To-day may be all dark, and cold, and sad;
No ray of light upon our pathway shine—
No single scene to make our spirits glad.
To-morrow will be brighter—
Never doubt!
To-morrow our burdens will be lighter.

I know that longed "to-morrows"—Oh, so many!—
Have come and gone again, and left us still
As joyless as before; the change, if any,
Bringing but a greater share of ill!
To-morrow will be better—
Never doubt!
To-morrow will break ev'ry bond and fetter!

To-morrow! Still to-*morrow*—blessed thought!
Still, darling, but a single little day
Between our hopes and fears! Oh, then, let naught
Drive blessed, simple Faith from us away!
To-morrow will be brighter—
Never doubt!
To-morrow our burdens will be lighter!

Just one more day, to trust the Father wholly!
One day has often changed a life of woe
To peace and gladness—life's dark melancholy
To sweetest rapture mortals ever know!
To-morrow will be sweeter—
Never fear!
To-morrow will be brightest of the year!
(*Easton Express.*)

MY AUNT'S LEGACY.

My father is a farmer, in sufficiently easy though not exactly affluent circumstances; and he, with my mother and brothers, live in the house where all of us, except my mother, first saw the light. At the time when the event here recorded took place, I lived with them, but I have been away from home for many a year now.

The house is a large, rambling building, constructed of red bricks, and abounding in numerous long, low rooms. We are simple, primitive people, and generally sit and take our meals in a room leading out of the kitchen. But we have two state parlors, which, in our eyes at least, are very grand, and which we use on those rare occasions when we wish to make a show in the eyes of the world; or rather in the eyes of those few and isolated members of it who, at long intervals, come our way.

My name is Sebastian Gregg Felton, and I am one of a family of five, all boys, in which I occupy the generally unenviable position of being in the middle. I say generally unenviable, because, as a rule, the eldest and youngest of a family get the best of it, and the others rather go to the wall. But in my case I had nothing to complain of, as I happened to be my mother's prime favorite.

Several reasons conspired to produce this result. To begin with, I had been a very delicate child, and great doubts had been entertained as to the possibility of rearing me. Children that cause most anxiety are generally liked best; and as I had rewarded my mother for all the care bestowed upon me by growing into a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, who seemed quite to have forgotten what ill health was, she naturally felt grateful to me, and inclined to think me a very meritorious character. Another thing that disposed her in my favor was that I had been infinitely more troublesome than all her other boys put together; as, whenever my health allowed it, I had been from my earliest infancy in some mischief or other; though, to do myself justice, I had never been guilty of anything mean or underhanded. There was one other circumstance that made me looked upon with favor, not only by my mother, but by the whole family as well: and that was that I was considered to have expectations. In other words, I was thought to have a very good chance of being heir to an aunt of my father's, who had a very comfortable little fortune of her own. But I will talk of this by-and-by, when I have told the reader a little more about myself.

At the time of this story I was four-and-twenty years old, six feet high, broadly built enough to match my height, and—my native modesty recoils from writing this—very good-looking. In disposition I was lighthearted and fond of fun, my former leaning towards mischief having by no means deserted me.

Though but one-and-twenty, I had for some years been engaged to Claribel Myer, the daughter of a well-to-do miller who lived not very far from us. She was a pretty, lively little being, with dark hair and eyes, a roguish smile, and a sweet figure, and she was a great pet with everybody.

But to proceed to the more important part of my tale.

One evening, as we were all sitting at tea, the letter carrier came to the door—in itself so unusual an event that it caused quite an excitement. There was a general rush to see what he had got, and I, being nearest, was out first and obtained the letter. It was addressed to my mother, and everybody was much interested in the opening and reading of it. It turned out to be from the aunt from whom I was supposed to have my expectations, and after whom I had received my beautiful second name of Gregg.

Here let me stop for a moment to inform the reader that our notion as to my chance was by no means unfounded. It did not arise from a general feeling of covetousness on our part, or from the idea that seems common in some families, that everyone is bound to leave them property. Shortly before I was born, Miss Gregg wrote to my father, saying that should the expected child prove a boy she would be much complimented if he would give it her name; and concluded with certain dark and somewhat mysterious hints which it seemed to him could bear but one interpretation. I need hardly observe that when I appeared, and turned out to be a boy, I was duly christened according to my aunt's wishes. She had never set eyes upon me, or indeed taken the slightest notice of me from that moment to this; but still the hope of expectations, if it burned rather dimly sometimes, never went out.

When it was discovered from whom the letter came, the excitement naturally increased greatly; and my mother's spectacles not being forthcoming quickly enough to suit the impatience of the company, as I was considered to have the greatest interest in the matter, and was also believed to be the best scholar in the family, the epistle was put into my hands, with an exhortation to read it aloud. I did so, and read as follows:—

"DEAR MADAM,—Your son, who bears my name, must by this time be pretty well, if not quite, grown up, and I have a fancy to see what he is like. With your permission I shall therefore come to your house on Friday next, and, also with your permission, will remain the night.

"I am, dear Madam, yours truly,
"PRISCILLA GREGG."

When I had finished the perusal, silence reigned for some time; everybody was too much astonished to speak. When they recovered themselves they all turned to me.

"Well, Sebastian," said my father, "this is a chance for you; mind you make the best of it."

"You know, Sebastian," chimed in one of my brothers, "you have a very pleasant way with old ladies when you choose, and now is the time for showing it."

"Yes, indeed," remarked my eldest brother; "it will all depend upon your pleasing her or not, whether you come in for the money."

"Of course, Sebastian will please her," retorted my mother, taking my part against them. Then, not wishing to lose the opportunity of a little advice on her own account, she went on, "But do mind, Sebastian, that you are particularly nice to her, and very attentive and differential, and——"

"Oh, please don't give me any more directions, mother," I answered, stopping my ears. "I shall get so confused, I shan't know what to do at all." So saying I left the room, and went to tell Claribel what was about to happen.

This important letter had come on a Wednesday. The day intervening between its arrival and my aunt's was spent by my mother in cleaning our already thoroughly clean rooms, and in preparing all sorts of nice things for the expected guest. In looking back now upon all these preparations, and remembering why they were so very carefully attended to, I can't help thinking that we were rather of the nature of toadies; but still it happened, and in my character of faithful historian I must tell the truth.

At last the time when the important visitor might be looked for had come, and we were all in a flutter of expectation. My mother had put on her best dress, a steel-grey silk, and a cap trimmed with cherry-colored ribbons, that was supposed to suit her better than anything else she had. I had yielded to the advice and entreaties of my surroundings, and had dressed myself very carefully in a new suit I had just had made.

We all hovered about near the door, trying to look unconcerned, but failing signally. After a time the sound of approaching wheels told us that the person for whom we were looking was near at hand. Another moment, and the omnibus which plied in the neighborhood drew up before our garden gate, and a lady, that I rightly supposed was my aunt, alighted.

She was a small, spare woman, with a somewhat severe expression of face, and a sharp, piercing eye, that seemed at once to take stock of everything within a mile of her, and that had the effect of anything in the world rather than that of setting you at your ease. It was with an inward trembling—by no means concealed from one another, if hidden from her eyes—that we went forward to receive our newly-arrived relative; but we managed it pretty well, and before long she was safely installed in the smaller parlor. Then, after the interval of a few moments, my mother suggested that she might like to go to her room and remove her travelling dress, and as she at once took this suggestion, the rest of us were left with a little breathing time.

As far as I was concerned, however, this respite was a very short one. In drawing up a plan of the course of action to be pursued, which had been done in family conclave with the utmost amount of care and deliberation, it had been arranged that, as my aunt might like a private interview with me, I should be, apparently by accident, in the best parlor when she came downstairs again, and that my mother should adroitly withdraw, of course also by accident, and leave us there together.

Accordingly, not long after the two ladies had gone upstairs, I went to the appointed spot, and assumed what seemed to me very much the position of a spider in a web looking for flies. The position was by no means a pleasant one to me, but I consoled myself with the reflection that, on this occasion at least, the fly was by no means an unwary one.

I had not been waiting many minutes before the ladies came down again. I went to the door of the room as gracefully as I could, and my mother upon seeing me remarked, with an air of impromptu that really did her credit:

"Oh, here is Sebastian; will you excuse me for a few moments if I leave you to him?"

My aunt, little suspecting that this was part of a deep-laid plot, bowed with old-fashioned politeness, by no means wanting in stateliness, and surrendered herself to my care.

There was something in the solemnity of the whole proceeding, coupled with the knowledge of what designing humbugs we all were, that made keeping properly grave very difficult to me. But with an effort I managed to repress the smile that tried so hard to rise to my lips, and went forward to take possession of my aunt.

On each side of the fire-place, which was filled at this moment with gaily-colored paper—for the time of the year was summer—stood an arm-chair, very old-fashioned, like the rest of our furniture, with thin, spindley legs, and wide seats covered with chintz. As these were the most dignified-looking objects in the room, I thought the best thing would be to offer one of them to the lady to whom I was doing the honors. Accordingly I led her up to one of them, turned away with the most courtly bow I could manage, and going to the one opposite to her, sat down.

But, oh horror! in the course of the rummage that had taken place in this room to prepare it for the expected guest, the seats of these two chairs had been taken out, and, little as we suspected it, mismatched. No sooner did my weight come upon it, the treacherous foundation on which I had hoped securely to repose, gave way, the seat tilted up, and in an instant I found myself sitting through the framework, my knees and my nose almost in contact, and utterly unable to extricate myself.

It had happened so suddenly and unexpectedly that at first I was too much astonished to think of anything but myself; but in an instant I remembered my aunt and looked across at her. My feelings may be imagined when I discovered that she was exactly in the same position as myself, as utterly unable to help herself, and evidently as much astonished as I was. Just as I caught sight of her, however, her self-possession seemed to return, and in angry accents, rendered somewhat uncertain by the inconvenient posture in which she was, she said:

"So, Mr. Sebastian! this is the way in which you treat your relations?"

I have all my life been possessed of a very keen sense of the ludicrous. Whether that possession be an advantage or not I have never quite been able to determine, there is so much to be said on both sides. The position in which we now were, and which indeed was funny enough to have tickled the fancy of the gravest of mankind, amused me so irresistibly that, regardless of the consequences, I burst into a hearty peal of laughter.

Of course the madness of this proceeding became apparent to me at once, and making a desperate effort to check my mirth, and to speak gravely, I began:

"I assure you, Aunt Gregg——"

"There's no good in assuring me anything," interrupted my aunt. "If you were to go on assuring me from now till the last moment of my life, I should not believe you."

"But, my dear aunt——"

"Don't dear aunt me! Do you think I'm not capable of putting two and two together and making four? And when I find you alone in a room, and then myself in such a position as this, do you suppose that I am going to believe that you didn't do it on purpose?"

Evidently my aunt had no strong perception of what was funny, or she would never have spoken of what had happened in this way. Her gravity tickled me even more than the accident itself, and I had to bite my lip nearly through before I could get out:

"But do try to believe——"

"I shan't try to do anything of the kind! Is your behavior likely to make me believe in your innocence? If you are sorry for what has happened, why don't you come and help me out, instead of stopping there laughing like an idiot?"

"I really can't move. I would get out if I could," I answered, struggling faintly. "But I am fixed tight, and can do nothing." And again I was nearly choked by my effort to swallow my laughter.

"Nonsense," Miss Gregg returned in a tone of increased severity. "People of your age are never helpless unless they choose to be so." And thereupon she relapsed into dignified silence, leaving me to feel more ridiculous than I had ever done in my life before.

We were not left many moments in this most unenviable situation, before the door of the room opened and my mother came in. With surprise and horror she perceived the plight in which we were placed, and running to my aunt, helped her up, apologizing to the worthy lady enough, as it seemed to me, to have excused the most dire injury.

Miss Gregg once more began to express her opinion that I had done it on purpose, when my mother thought it better to join with her and abuse me soundly. My assurances that the misfortune was a pure accident convinced her of my innocence, though they had quite failed to convince my aunt, and she came over to my side at once, and tried, with all the eloquence of which she was possessed, to win the irate old lady; but in vain. Miss Gregg was most fully persuaded that I had intentionally offered to her dignity the insult it had recently received, and she continued to express her hostile sentiments in the most indignant terms.

We proceeded for some time to talk in the most persuasive and convincing manner at our command, but to no purpose. My aunt would not listen to what we had to say in my defence, and declared persistently and in the most emphatic terms that she would go home at once and never enter our house again. We knew too well what effect such conduct would have upon us, that it would be the end of all my hopes; and we were getting more and more into despair, when suddenly a bright idea came to me. I would go and fetch Claribel. I had the utmost belief in her power of soothing people.

My mother soon understood from the signs I made her what I thought of doing, and as she evidently approved my idea, I left her trying to pacify my aunt and persuade her of my innocence, and started off. It did not take me long to get over the ground between our house and Mr. Myer's, or to explain what had happened to his daughter; and in a very short time Claribel and I returned together.

It turned out just as I had expected. Although my aunt was still very angry, and at first would not even look at the intended mediator, before long she had given in to her pretty, coaxing ways (who indeed could help giving in when Claribel set to work to make them?) and was sitting at the dinner table in our best parlor on my father's right hand, with my dear girl the other side of her.

Of course, after this there was no good in pretending to keep up her resentful feelings, and my aunt spent the rest of the day and the succeeding night under our roof as she had originally intended. I did my very best during that time to cancel, by constant attention, the bad impression that had been made upon her. And I suppose I in great measure succeeded; for as she was going away, and I was standing at the door of the coach in which she was seated, waiting for it to start, she put her hand upon mine, and said:

"I believe that you did not intentionally insult me, after all, Sebastian."

Another moment and the coach had driven off, and I had seen my aunt for the last time.

* * * * * * *

It is now some years since this memorable event happened. I have become a farmer on my own account, and am settled not far from the place in which Mr. Myer and my father still live. Claribel has changed from a lively girl into a sweet, contented woman, and we are surrounded by numerous rosy-cheeked, healthy-looking children. Not very long after her visit to our house, my aunt died, and left me her heir. The property was enough to enable me to purchase the farm I now possess, and to marry Claribel at once.

We are very happy, and never forget to associate the memory of Miss Gregg with our happiness. But even at this distance of time we can never think without a smile of the accident that so nearly made shipwreck of all our hopes. And of all the stories I tell my children as we sit around the fire of a winter's evening, the one they like best to hear is the history of how I nearly lost my aunt's legacy.

SUCH A LITTLE THING.

BY M. F. ADKINS.

Motherly Mrs. Owen had trotted around the house all day, singing softly to herself, as was her wont, a little snatch of a Welsh song that she had learned in the long years ago, in the cottage over the sea, during her early childhood days. It was a habit of hers, this softly crooning to herself, as she went about her daily tasks, the quaint words of the ballad, freighted with memories of the green hills and dales, and swift streams of her fatherland.

But now, the humming song is hushed. Mrs. Owen sits in silence before the glowing range in the little low-ceiled kitchen. A great stuffed turkey is browning and roasting in the oven for the Christmas dinner to-morrow. A plum pudding is boiling, and sending its fragrant odor through the room, out into the dining room, and even on through the hall and into the doors of some of the boarders.

The heater boils and gurgles and hisses, sending out a glowing steam that adds to the general air of warmth and plenty and good-living which pervades the well-ordered kitchen. This air of general comfort is further heightened by contrast with the day out doors. A fierce north wind sweeps down the mountains, shrieking through the naked December woods, and wailing up and down the streets and around the corners of the houses in the little Western town, bearing upon its angry blast myriad flakes of a snow-storm.

From her seat by the range, Mrs. Owen can see the feathery flakes as they go scurrying past the kitchen window; and above the cheerful noise and bubbling within, she can hear the wind moaning under the low, ice-laden eaves.

All these sights and sounds fall upon Mrs. Owen's senses of sight and hearing, but she heeds them not. The early dusk comes down upon the little town, and the old grey mountain beyond, wrapping them both in its sombre cloak, and gathering down even close to the little western window as though it would look into the little kitchen and catch a snuff at the good things being prepared for the morrow.

The round, rosy-faced waiting girl, catches the odor of scorching roast from the dining-room, where she is spreading the supper table, and rushes in, exclaiming: "Goody, gracious, ma'am! The turkey's a burnin' clean up!"

Thus roused from her revery, Mrs. Owen does not get excited, but when it is ascertained that no harm is done, she resumes her seat in front of the range, and picks up the thread of her low crooning ballad apparently just where she had left it off nearly an hour ago.

But the servant coming back a few moments later with a light, and to announce that the table is ready, finds her mistress again sitting silent, gazing in at the glowing coals, and unheeding the suspicious odor which again pervades the steaming air.

"'Aint the puddin' a burnin' ma'am?"

"The pudding is it? Dear me, I was about to forget." And, picking up the ballad again, goes crooning in and out from dining-room to kitchen and from kitchen to dining-room, until the board is spread and the jingling bell calls the score of boarders to gather and once more partake of the good things provided for them.

"A bitter evening, Mrs. Owen," says the stalwart man who has the seat next the door where she passes in and out in her busy, bustling ministrations from kitchen to table.

"Yes, sir. It is brave Christmas weather. I always think of Wales when Christmas eve comes around." She says this in that quick, crisp way of hers, with that slight foreign accent which clings to her in spite of her forty years naturalization.

"Bad weather, though, for building bridges and grading railroads," responds the man.

"This storm will blow over by the time the holidays are over, and your men are ready for work again," she answers, as she trots past him and into the kitchen again, warned by another affecting alarm from that region.

She does not return to the table, but busies herself in looking after the already jeopardized pudding and turkey. This done, she again finds her seat in front of the grate, and falls to gazing at the pictures in the coals. Again the old-time Welsh ballad floats away and is lost on the bitter night wind; and the silence of the little kitchen is broken only by the bubbling pudding, the gurgling boiler and the purr of the glowing grate.

What is it has come over her to-night? What are the pictures she sees in the glowing grate? With what thoughts is she busy, as she sits and watches the pudding preparing for her guests to-morrow?

Two faces she sees in the glowing coals; broad, honest, good-natured, brave, blue-eyed faces, that show their Welsh blood.

Ten long years ago, there came a letter to her, on a Christmas eve—a bitter storm-driven night like this—telling her that both these faces were stark and cold on a fiercely-fought battle-field. They were all she had; husband and son; gone down in the thick of the fight. Oh! how hard it was, thus to have all swept away and be left alone with none to loose! What wonder that the old ballad is forgotten to-night as she goes back over that long stretch of barren, loveless years.

Christmas eve! and none to wish her good cheer on the glad day! Alone! No! there were her boarders; the twenty stout, stalwart men who would to-morrow partake of her good cheer. But what do they care for the elderly lady who furnishes them rooms and meals for so much cash per week. A mere matter of bargain and sale.

There was Emily, the servant girl, who would nurse her through a headache, if she had one, because she was grateful for the weekly wages and a kind home. But she could not help a little longing; just for to-night—this night of all the year. A motherly yearning for the blue-eyed, boyish face, which she sees in the coals. What wonder that moisture has gathered in her blue eyes, and she finds herself with short, stout arms out-stretched, and half audible cry of "Only a little while, Lord. It was all so sudden and crushing. I am so alone in the world!"

The girl stares in world-wide wonder, as she stands by the door and overheard her mistress "a talkin' to herself," as she expressed it.

"I'm afraid that puddin's burnin' again," she says, as she comes into the room.

"Dear me! How forgetful I am getting, to be sure. The pudding won't be fit to eat, if it burns again." Some one knocks at the door at the opposite end of the room.

"Emily, please open the door and see who it is." Emily complies, and a youngish man, in a great coat, comes in out of the storm.

"Why, is it you, Mr. Graham? Come around by the fire. Ain't it a bitter night to be out?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Owen. I have only a moment to stay. My wife has sent yov a little Christmas present, and would have it brougt to-night."

As he spoke, he uncovered a small basket which he carried, and taking out a neatly done up paper box, handed it to her.

"For me?" she asked, with both surprise and feeling in her voice. "I did not think anybody thought enough of me for that. Tell your wife I am a thousand times obliged to her."

With the eagerness of a child, she untied the box and lifted the lid. It was only a little bunch of artifical flowers, done in some zephyr work; blue and pink and white. But it was the handiwork of some one who thought of her while she was making it.

"It is very beautiful, tell your wife;" but here she broke down completely, and sitting down in her low chair, covered her head with her coarse kitchen apron, and cried like a child.

"Your wife is the first person that has remembered me on Christmas Eve, in the last ten years," she said, when she could control her voice. I will remember her, and you, too, for it, John Graham."

But he was gone ere she looked up.

"What did she say?" asked Nellie Graham, when her husband returned ten minutes later, his great coat white with the driven snow.

"Oh, Nellie, I would willingly walk two miles in this storm to see another such sight. Why she actually cried when she opened the box and saw what it was;" and there was strong symptoms of tears in his own eyes as he told the story.

"Poor, old woman!" said Nellie, "she must be so lonely, with not a relation in all the wide world to remember her at Christmas. I am so glad I sent it, John."

"So am I, Nell. But now let us look after our turkey for to-morrow. Brown is coming to dine with us, and you know your weakness is to want everything just so."

"You naughty man! To make remarks about my weaknesses," she answers with a playful slap of the bewhiskered face.

It was not many days after, but still long enough for John Graham to have forgotten the little incident of Christmas Eve, that Mrs. Owen sent for him.

He found her again in the little low ceiled kitchen, trotting briskly around and crooning softly to herself again the the words of the old-time ballad.

Calling him into her sitting-room, she placed before him a large bundle of papers, which at the end of an hour's conference he carried off with him to his office.

"Your little deed of kindness has borne fruit an hundred fold," he says to Nellie, when she had drawn him into their little sitting-room that night.

"What, John?" she says in wide-eyed wonder.

"You remember the little present you sent to Mrs. Owen, a few days ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, to-day she sent for me and placed in my hands, business that will amount to several hundred dollars per year."

"Oh, John! And was it because of my little present? I am so glad!"

The business was the agency for a large body of wild land which some of her relatives owned in an adjoining county. They had grown tired of living upon it and had gone back to their native country, and now desired some honest, competent person to take charge of it, and if possible effect a sale of it.

Nor was this all the advantage that resulted to the young lawyer from the little kind-hearted act of his wife. A purchaser was found for the wild land, who retained him as his agent at an advanced salary. Capitalists came along, now and then looking for investments in mineral and other lands. These stopped at Mrs. Owen's boarding house, and generally enquiring for an attorney, were always recommended to call upon John Graham. In this manner his business in the course of the incoming summer, was more than doubt. Other investments were made, and other agencies were created, all of which contributed to his income.

"And just to think, John, that all this good fortune came upon us by one little act, and that we never even thought of such a thing when we did it."

"And don't you think, little woman, that the only true kindness is that *unselfish* kindness, which springs from a heart's charity, seeking and expecting no reward?"

"You are right, John, as you always are."

* * *

The Philadelphia *Times* reporting the arrival of the original Declaration of Independence at the Exhibition, says: "The text of the document is as clear and distinct as when John Hancock and his copatriots, regardless of the threats of King George and his minions, put their fists to the same. But the vandals, in search of fac-similes, have not been as friendly as old Father Time. In taking a proof the signatures were moistened, and, in consequence, many of them have faded into empty space. John Hancock's name is dim but distinct, but the signatures of Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris and others of equal fame have entirely disappeared. The best preserved signatures are those of Roger Sherman, Robert Treat Paine and Stephen Hopkins. The names of John Adams, Joshua Bartlett, William Whipple, Samuel Huntington and several others are very clear. Several experts have closely examined the document and expressed the opinion that the lost signatures could be restored by chemical agencies."

* * *

THERE is perhaps no time at which we are disposed to think so highly of a friend as when we find him standing higher than we expected in the esteem of others.

A TURNED-DOWN PAGE.

There's a turned down page, as some writer says,
In every human life—
A hidden story of happier days
Of peace amid the strife.

A folded leaf that the world knows not—
A love dream rudely crushed.
The sight of a foe that is not forgot,
Altho' the voice be hushed.

The far-distant sounds of a harp's soft strings,
An echo on the air;
The hidden page may be full of such things,
Of things that once were fair.

There's a hidden page in each life, and mine
A story might unfold;
But the end was sad of the dream divine—
It better rests untold.

ANCHOR WATCH YARNS.

A TRIP IN A SLAVER.—THE GUNNER'S STORY.

BY LIEUT. SMITH.

"Now then, Gunner, clear your pipes and reel off your yarn. Everything is snug on deck, and there is nothing to bother us."—

"Without going into detail, I will merely state that I had been honorably discharged from the East Indian Navy, where I held the warrant of a gunner, and with my pockets well ballasted with rupees, I at last fetched up on the banks of the Rio Nunez, on the west coast of Africa. I had no desire to remain there, so when Captain Poillion commanding the clipper schooner "Flying Fish," offered me a passage to Cuba, I accepted at once. Poillion was an old hand at the trade, and well known to the officers of the African squadron whom he had outwitted and outsailed many a time.

Without the slightest difficulty, the schooner dropped down the river, and waiting for a dark, squally night, worked over the bar and gained an offing without creating an alarm. This streak of good luck, as Poillion called it, put him in the very best of humor, and he related numerous incidents of the trade, and the narrow escapes he had experienced.

We had approached the bail-rock passage after a very fine run, the health of the *cargo* was excellent, and Poillion, with paper and pencil in the cabin, was busy working up his profits on the trip, which amounted to a big sum on paper, I can tell you.

The cry of "Sail o!" caused Poillion to drop his pencil and hurry on deck, I following close behind, and it did not take much of a head to see that we were in a tight place, and the profits began to look small.

A man-of-war brig had hove in sight and was coming down upon us with the speed of a sword-fish. The "Flying Fish" had a clean pair of heels, which Poillion proceeded to make use of at once. We had the fresh trade winds whistling through our taut rigging, and every stitch of canvas was crowded on that would draw. As soon as night shut the man-of-war out from our sight, we shortened sail, hauled up on the starboard tack and stood in for the high land of San Domingo. It was a trick of the trade, and Poillion was in hopes to dodge the cruiser, so every light was doused, even to the binnacle. As daylight dawned out, Poillion's worst fears was realized, for there was the brig in sight of us jogging under easy sail. It was plain that she was well versed in slave hunting. We were forced to keep off again, and soon a shot from her bow chaser boomed on the fresh sea breeze. Nearer and nearer came the iron messengers, and although the wind was dying out, Poillion resorted to every means to escape. The water was started and allowed to run through the scuppers, halyards slacked up, the wedges to the partners knocked out, and in two, but all in vain. The shot from the brig whistled about our ears, and finally several deck beams were sawed in two, but all in vain. The shot from the brig whistled about our eyes, and soon the maintopmast fell with all its top hamper about our ears.

I felt sorry for Poillion; he had done all that a seaman could do to save his vessel, and sitting on the rail, he watched the armed boats dash alongside without uttering a word.

We were a prize to the United States brig-of-war "Buchanan," bound to the coast of Africa. A prize crew was put on board with orders to take us to Savannah, but I did not relish the idea of being put in irons and treated as a culprit, so I hailed the officer in charge, told him my story, and after some hesitation he sent me aboard the brig. The commander, a white-haired, stern looking man, listened to what I had to say, made me produce my warrant as gunner, to prove my story, and finally gave me the choice to ship as quarter-gunner on board the "Buchanan" or take my chances in irons aboard the prize. I chose the former much against my will, and in half an hour found myself bound to the eastward.

And now, shipmates, having explained how I came to don the blue shirt, and place the distinguishing marks of a quarter-gunner on my arm, I'll proceed with the main incident of my story.

I had sooner spend three years in State's prison, than be again compelled to serve on the coast of Africa in a man-of-war. The monotony is simply awful, with nothing to vary it. Occasionally a chase of some slaver would wake us up for a little while, but the excitement would soon die away, and everything go on as before. At sea we were exposed to the sudden and furious squalls of rain that pass over, and then out would come the fierce sun with its scorching rays. Nights, the boats would be called away and expeditions sent up the pestilential rivers to reconnoitre, the mosquitoes and sand-flies driving one almost mad with their incessant stinging.

But I found relief at least.

One morning we discovered a slaver pushing out of the Matacan river, and, waiting until she was a safe distance off the land, we slipped our moorings, made sail, and overhauled her. She was a sharp built schooner, about two hundred tons burden, and had two hundred and fifty slaves beneath the hatches.

A large number of the crew were down with the coast fever, and I was obliged to go aboard the schooner as one of the prize crew, which duty suited me as a welcome relief from the dull routine on ship board. There was sixteen of us, with the Lieutenant in charge, who had received orders to proceed to Monrovia, as quick as wind and weather would permit. The old brig stood away up the coast with all her light sails set, while we in the schooner, with a fresh sea breeze, shaped a course for the American colony.

The slaves were a set of untamed and ferocious savages, captured far in the interior of Africa, and the Captain of the Slaver, previous to going on board the brig, assured the Lieutenant that in case they should get the upper hand they would massacre us to a man. They knew no difference between the white man as their captor, or our crew as their liberators. But we apprehended no danger from our colored friends as the hatches were strongly grated over, and the slaves were further secured by shackles fastened to their legs, and made fast to long iron rods running fore and aft the slave deck. Armed sentinels were stationed at the aperture in the grating over the main hatch, and every precaution taken against a surprise.

The brig-of-war was scarcely hull-down on the horizon when an alarming discovery was made. The slavers, before leaving the schooner, had started the water casks, and there was barely supply enough to last forty-eight hours, but if the breeze lasted there would be nothing to fear.

We dashed along at a rapid rate, and towards night the low land of the colony hove in sight lying like a dark cloud on the horizon, but the breeze was growing lighter, and before midnight the schooner was rocking idly to and fro, becalmed.

The day dawned without a cloud to be seen, and the schooner rose and fell on the long ocean swell. The sails flapped idly to and fro, the blocks creaked painfully aloft, and the jaws of the gaffs chaffed impatiently as they swung around the masts. Not a breath of air ruffled the mirror-like surface of the ocean, and stretched beneath the shade of the awning we gasped for a mouthful of fresh air while the fierce rays of the sun played all around us.

Dishes of boiled rice and a small ration of water was served out to the slaves, and I formed one of the gang who dealt out the provision to them. Their condition was awful, and the atmosphere of the slave deck made me faint and sick as death. They were the most barbarous looking set of men that I ever saw. They did not appear to have the power of speech, but used deep, strange sounding gutturals. It was more like the chattering of monkeys, but you may depend upon it that I did not linger long to make observations. I was only too glad to escape from the foul and nauseating vapors that filled the narrow space.

The second day passed in much the same manner without bringing the slightest relief. The schooner rocked motionless to and fro, but made no headway, and the atmosphere was like the air from a furnace. The last drop of water had been served out to the blacks, and with considerable anxiety we looked forward to the next day. As for the Lieutenant he felt worried to, and that night not a man of us turned in. We were anxiously watching the appearance of the weather and whistling for a breeze.

In the run of the schooner, beneath the cabin floor, the Lieutenant had come across a small cask of brandy that ac probably been stowed away there a portion of the cabin stores. It was a welcome discovery, as we were already beginning to feel the pangs of thirst having given our share of the last ration of water to the poor darkies. The brandy cheered us up, renewed our strength, and in fact worked wonders on our tired frames. We had the second cutter towing astern, and could have easily reached the main land by leaving the slaves to shift for themselves. But we were not willing to do it except a last effort to save our own lives.

Again the sun rose clear and a casting a fiery, yellow tinge over the smooth, glassy sea, and as the heat increased we looked eagerly forward to grog time. It was all we had to depend upon now, and the Lieutenant dealt out in mighty small rations I can tell you. A bite of hard tack, tough and mouldy wound up our meal.

Towards the middle of the day when the heat was at its height, the s began to moan and shout for allowance of water. Every moment the noise increased, and their piteous rapidly grew into fierce, prolonged yells. Their chains clanked as they tugged at their bonds, and my heart bled for poor wretches who were suffering all the torments of the damned. We were powerless to lessen their misery, in silence listened to the ravings of maddened throng who were surging to and fro like the waves of the ocean.

Finally the Lieutenant ordered to draw water over the side, and over the hot parched bodies of negroes. We were obliged to act with caution, for our lives depended on keeping them under hatches, after a thorough drenching their cries were less loud and savage.

At sunset, another outbreak below caused us all to jump to our feet, and as the tumult increased the Lieutenant ran forward and looked anxiously down the hatchway. of the slaves had slipped the shackles off of their legs, and with the fists were fighting and yelling like any demons let loose from the infernal regions.

A crash was heard, and before we could ascertain the cause the liberated slaves came pouring into the cabin. They had broke in the bulkhead that separated the slave-deck from the run, and removing the hatch rushed on deck, foaming and frothing at the mouth, like so many mad The lieutenant was calm and cool, giving his orders as though on the quarter-deck of the brig-of-war. With the butts of our muskets and the our cutlasses we succeeded at last in driving the slaves below, but the cask of brandy had been drained of its last d

The lieutenant ordered the hatch to be spiked down, a sentry to stand by it, and at the main hatch the guards were doubled.

It was not long before the effects of the brandy began to work. The slaves renewed their fighting with ten-fold ferocity unmindful of the danger and a muffled roar of shrieks, and yells poured up the hatch. The schooner trembled and shook from repeated shocks below, and until a late hour the battle raged with undiminished violence. A number of charges were made upon the sentries, but the iron gratings proved too tough for them. The had been drawn alongside ready for instant use in case of an emergency with straining ears we listened to the horrible sounds rising from the low.

It was an anxious night for us all, but our breath came freer as the combatants exhausted and worn-out by the violence of their own passions sank to rest, and gradually the slave-schooner was wrapt in silence.

Daylight revealed a fearful scene, and our entire party, armed to the teeth, descended among the slaves to restore order. Thirty of the poor fellows had fallen victims to the fray and about fifty more had died from exhaustion. Their bodies were removed; the survivors again shackled, and we returned to the spar-deck praying that the calm might cease.

Our prayers were heard, and as the sun set, a heavy black cloud appeared in the horizon. It spread with great rapidity, catspaws ruffled the the surface of the ocean; the sails bellied out and collapsed, and as the breeze grew stronger, the schooner glided through the water, and with a wild hurrah we hailed our welcome deliverance from the bonds of the remorseless calm.

That night found us at anchor off the town, and no time was lost in procuring a supply of water and provisions which we stood in need of.

The schooner and the slaves were turned over to the American Consul, and the next day the "Buchanan" touched at town, taking us aboard.

There, shipmates, you have the whole of my yarn, and now I will bid you a good night, and shape a course for Blanket Bay, as day after to-morrow will be Washington's birthday, and I have much to do."

CREEPING VINES.

In ancient gardening there used to be a distinction between climbers and creepers. The term "vine" was unknown in connection with twining plants. It is purely an Americanism as we understand it. In the old world, a vine was, and probably is yet, the grape-vine, simply and nothing more. A plant which twined round some other thing for support was a climbing plant, and that which clung by roots to walls or trees was a creeper. The distinction has been lost sight of in the general use of our word vine. The plant which runs up trees and buildings is a vine and nothing more; though as the word is now becoming associated with potato vines, and even tomato stalks, there are few people who say climbing vines as a means of distinction. The term climber and creeper is, however, so distinctive that it would be well to preserve them, the former does to designate those which cling by twining tendrils or stems around some other object; while the creeper describes those which attach themselves by rootlets and need no other arrangement to assist them in ascending to great heights. These latter plants are very useful for covering old walls, trees, or other unsightly objects, attaching themselves, and needing no farther care after first planting them where they are to grow.

Of these plants, the trumpet "vine" is perhaps the best known. Its beautiful crimson flowers make an attractive show after mid-summer, and are a favorite resort of the humming-bird. It is a native of the western and southwestern States, and is tardy in this region. There are Japan species very much like it, know as the *grand flora* trumpet vine. The flower is larger, but of a thinner texture, paler color, and not quite so hardy as the American. That is to say it sometimes suffers in severe winters, though never, we believe, to the extent of being totally destroyed.

Another very valuable creeper is the Virginia creeper, or *ampelopsis*, sometimes known as the "five finger," in distinction to the poison vine or poison rhus, also a creeper, but which has but three leaflets, and in this way may be always distinguished from the Virginia creeper. The Virginia creeper is one of the best of all these plants. It grows with amazing rapidity, and is not long in covering an unsightly object completely. In the fall its beautiful color is particularly attractive, as indeed the poison vine is, with which in most points the Virginia creeper seems a great rival. The new Japan kind, noticed by us last fall, is a more delicate grower, but well-adapted to smaller objects.

Another capital thing among the self-clinging class is the English or evergreen ivy, at least for some situations. In the city of Philadelphia, where it has a little shelter from the wind, it does admirably; and in open places it seems to do well on north walls, or anywhere where it can get a little shade from the sun in winter. The sun shining on it when frozen seems to be very injurious to it, otherwise it does not seem to mind a temperature as low as zero.

This is not a large list of self-attaching vines, but they are all good and very useful.—(Germantown Telegraph.)

* * *

POLITENESS is in business what stratagem is in war. It gives power to weakness; it supplies great deficiencies, and overcomes the enemy with but little sacrifice of time and blood. It is invincible either in the attack or defence.

* * *

PRODUCTS OF THE IRISH BOGS.—Irish bogs have been celebrated for ages as simply immense basins of liquid mud of no value, and the land they occupy has always been considered as lost, and the material held in solution is believed to be the product of trees, or vegetable products, of a vastly remote epoch. Bogwood is simply trunks of ancient trees saturated in bogs for undefined periods, till they are charged with elements that not only give them a very hard texture, but an exceedingly black color, susceptible of a beautiful polish. Candles equal to wax, ornaments for ladies, hubs for wheels and various articles for the toilet are formed from these ancient productions of primitive forests.

Catarrh is a common disease,—so common that snuffing, spitting, and blowing of the nose, meet us at every turn of the street. Your foot slips in these nasty discharges on the sidewalk and in the public conveyance; and its disagreeable odor, contaminating the breath of the afflicted, renders them offensive to their associates. There is the highest medical authority for stating that with fully one-half, if not two-thirds, of those afflicted with consumption of the Lungs, the disease commences as Catarrh in the nose and head, the next step being to the throat and bronchial tubes—lastly to the lungs. How important then to give early and prompt attention to a Catarrh! To cure this loathsome disease correct the system by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical discovery, which tones it up, cleanses the blood, and heals the diseased glands by a specific influence upon them; and to assist, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche. This is the only way to reach the upper and back cavities where the discharge comes from. No danger from this treatment, it is pleasant to use. The two medicines with instrument are sold by dealers in medicines.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART XXI.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

There are many names, that, as we turn over the pages of our history, stand out more prominently than that of Francis Hopkinson; yet he, as patriot and a writer, presents a character so individual that it refuses to be massed with the giant law-givers of those days; and turning aside from the other illustrious names that cluster about this period, we bestow upon him the individual study that his talents and tastes demand.

The picture before us of a man with a face earnest, intellectual and thoughtful, gives us a greater insight into Mr. Hopkinson's character than most portraits, for serious and deeply religious as his feelings certainly were, we can readily understand how a man with just such a sensitive physiognomy and that sparkle of humor lurking about the corners of the eyes, could have penned some of the most brilliant flashes of wit that lit up the dark horizon of the Revolution. Francis Hopkinson was born in Philadelphia in 1737, of English parents. His mother, Miss Johnston, niece of the Bishop of Worcester, was married to Thomas Hopkinson in 1736, and early left a widow, bestowed the most judicious care upon the training of her son Francis, who finally graduated at the College of Philadelphia, and studied law under Benjamin Chew, Esq., then Attorney General of the city. In 1765 Mr. Hopkinson visited England. After a sojourn there of about two years, he returned to America, and soon after married Miss Ann Borden, of Bordentown, New Jersey. This marriage, solemnized in September, 1768, in Christ Church, is thus spoken of by one of the journals of the day:

> "On Tuesday last Francis Hopkinson, Esq. was bound in the silken bands of Hymen to Miss Ann Borden, of Bordentown, a lady equally amiable for her internal as well as her external accomplishments. As the poet says:
> 'Within all pure, without all bright,
> Sweet to the sense and pleasing to the sight.'"

Among numerous poetical effusions, of more or less merit, some of them evidently written during Mr. Hopkinson's sojourn in England, and many of them addressed to Myrtilla, Rosalinda and other real or imaginary fair ones, occur the following verses

TO DELIA,

wrote on a leaf of her pocket-book:

"Go little leaf, and to the fair,
The mistress of my heart,
My truth and constancy declare,
My ardent love impart.

But how shall this small page contain
That which no bounds control?
Or how shall feeble words explain
The transports of the soul?

Go, tell her then that nothing less
Than a whole life of love,
Can all my joy in her express,
Can my fixed passion prove.

That nought but death can from my mind
Her dear idea part,
And lovely Delia n'er shall find
A rival in my heart."

These lines, whose quaintly expressed passion make them attractive, were written the spring before Mr. Hopkinson's marriage, and are followed by others of a later date, in which "Delia" is thus spoken of, leaving us, notwithstanding the fanciful title, in no doubt as to the identity:

"The source of all my pleasure,
Shall my breast with transport fill;
Delia is my soul's best treasure,
Delia, pride of Borden's Hill."

Although holding a lucrative position under the British Government when the murmurs of the Colonists began to be heard on the other side of the water, Mr. Hopkinson allowed no motives of private interest to alloy by base ideas of compromise the pure nobility of his character. In 1776 he was elected a delegate to the General Congress, where he voted for the Declaration, and afterwards representing the State of New Jersey, placed his among that list of illustrious names that, preceded by the bold and characteristic signature of John Hancock, went forth to the world. Doubtless Mr. Hopkinson, in common with many others, had a feeling while he wrote that he might be signing his own death warrant, for it was no light responsibility to affix well-known names to so treasonable a document. When Charles Carroll of Carrollton added to his signature, as a distinguishing mark, it having been suggested that among the large family of that name he might escape censure, what might have seemed in holiday times the fanciful affectation of a landed proprietor, becomes, viewed through the mists of danger and uncertainty, an act of distinguished heroism.

Although Mr. Hopkinson occupied a high position among the statesmen and patriots of his time, it is as a writer he claims our special notice, proving the versatility of his genius by the infinite variety of subjects treated, in turn, by his ready pen. Most appropriately is he represented in his portrait, pen in hand, for he seemed equal to any literary emergency, possessing equal facility in the composition of a serious and profound essay on education or government, an elegy on a departed friend, a morning hymn, an effusion "to Celia on her Wedding Day," or a sparkling ballad, setting forth some incident of the period, in so humorous a strain that it set the world a laughing and was "in every ones mouth for a time. During that gloomy winter of 1777, when the British were in Philadelphia and the Continental army at Valley Forge, appeared "The Battle of the Kegs," the most celebrated of Mr. Hopkinson's ballads, which must have been met with cheers and laughter in that camp on those bleak hill-sides, where mirth was, alas, too unfrequent.

We read that Mr. Hopkinson was claimed by Great Britain as one of her writers of eminence which, aside from that nation's talent for appropriating all that she considered worthy, is rather remarkable, although we find among his writings an effusion, "Sacred to the memory of his late gracious majesty George II." In still sharper contrast to the sentiments of this ardent patriot of a later date, appear Mr. Hopkinson's verses on the accession of George III, whom he saluted with praises and songs of rejoicing. In 1774 he commenced a series of satirical papers, of which Dr. Rush speaks, as having exerted so powerful an influence upon the politics of the day. The first of these, entitled "A Pretty Story," under the form of an allegory, represents the grievances of the Colonists, who are pictured as a family living upon a farm, and much oppressed by an unjust steward and a *mother-in-law*. These unfortunates have wagonloads of that mildest of beverages, *water gruel*, thrust upon them against their will. The figures are well sustained throughout, and appearing at a time when the popular mind was excited upon the subject of British tyranny, we can readily imagine the eagerness with which this "Pretty Story" was read, and the important part it played in the history of the Colonies. This allegory was, in 1776, followed by "A Prophecy," and in 1777 by "A Political Catechism," in which Mr. Hopkinson pays a glowing tribute to General Washington. These papers, with an allegory called "The New Roof," in favor of the Federal Constitution, are among the most celebrated of Mr. Hopkinson's political sketches. The last mentioned Dr. Rush speaks of in the highest terms, saying that it *must last as long as the citizens of the United States continue to admire and be happy under their present national government.* This cotemporary adds that Mr. Hopkinson's wit was of the kind that indicates a rich and powerful imagination. A humorous "Essay on White-Washing" may be considered a fair specimen of the author's productions of this character. The mania for white-washing seems to have been, then, as great a *bete noire*, among the gentlemen of Philadelphia, as the passion for pavement scrubbing has been, in later days. While under its baleful influence the wife and mother is represented as utterly devoid of all the tender graces of her sex, ruthlessly driving husband and children from her door, immolating all family affection and comfort upon the altar of good housewifery. Of the custom of washing the pavements of Philadelphia, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock on a Saturday night, Mr. Hopkinson also speaks, calling it a religious rite observed alike by all denominations, and adding that a certain skip in the gait, peculiar to Philadelphians, may be attributed to the habit of making hasty springs to avoid buckets of water, suddenly dashed across their pathway by rash house-maids on scrubbing intent.

In 1779 Mr. Hopkinson succeeded George Ross as Judge of the Admiralty of the State of Pennsylvania, which position he held, until, upon the organization of the Federal Government, he received from General Washington an appointment as Judge of the United States, in which office he continued until his death, in May, 1791. Judge Hopkinson's remains were interred in Christ Church, where he had been baptized and married. He left three daughters and two sons, one of whom, Joseph Hopkinson, eminent as a lawyer and an orator, was also the author of "Hail Columbia."

* * *

A wise man makes more opportunities than he finds.

AT our request, Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage), a sample of Dobbins' Electric soap to try. Send at once.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, is going to offer $3,000 in prizes, to be awarded in 1887, for the best grove of trees planted in the spring of 1877.

THE State of Michigan has entered for competition and premiums against the world, at Philadelphia, on her fruits of 1876. This fact should incite every man to do his best for the exhibition.

THE best plan to adopt where rats bother chicks, ducks, etc., is to have the hen house one foot from the ground, and floored tightly to keep them nights. Have the dirt piled up to the door so the little ones can get in, then close it.

IN preparing nests for setting hens, plenty of sulphate of sulphur should be sprinkled in the nest, and occasionally more added until the chickens appear. If a good sulphur and ashes dust-bath is provided, there need not be much trouble with the chicks.

THE west coast of South America has contributed two new breeds of sheep to the English flocks. One is a white-wooled variety, with long, curved horns. The other is a species of llama and alpaca breed mixed, with long, dark brown and exceedingly fine wool.

THE prospects of the fall sown wheat in England are very unfavorable. Much seed has rotted in the ground in consequence of the cold, wet weather, and the sowing is very backward. The latest reports mention an improvement in the weather, but very dubious feelings as regards the next harvest.

CARE should be taken when cattle are first turned out to grass to give them plenty of salt. All ruminating animals are fond of salt and this natural appetite should be gratified. There are those who claim that it is of no use, but we suspect such farmers love their ease more than the thrift of their flocks.—*Am. Stock Journal.*

CORN-FED hens do not lay in winter, for the simple reason that there isn't any albumen material in the corn. When wheat is fed, there is fat enough in it to supply all that is needed for the yolk, and gluten enough to furnish the shell; it does not thus seem difficult to understand why corn-fed hens should lay, as they do.

GOOD PREVENTIVES.—Asafœtida is a very good preventive for many of the ills that chickens and other species of poultry are heir to. Put a few small crumbs in their water troughs, but so covered with water or otherwise that they cannot eat it. Bulbs of garlic, thoroughly bruised, and kept in their water will serve much the same purpose as asafœtida. Pulverized black pepper should also be occasionally given them mixed with their food.

CUCUMBERS are generally permitted, or compelled, rather, to grow flat upon the ground, but vines have been trained upon trellises with the very happiest results. Indeed, nature never intended the cucumber for a mere surface runner, else it would not have been provided with grasping tendrils. A low order of trellis, keeping both vine and fruit off the ground, adds largely to the yield and the quality. When space is an object, a great saving of ground may be accomplished by training upon high trellises.

THERE are many more tons of hay lost annually than farmers are aware of from raking it the wrong way. When cut with a machine, the grass falls back, and if you rake in the same direction that you cut, you will get all the grass, as it lays back with the tops over the butts, single fashion. But if you rake in the opposite direction it shingles the wrong way, and instead of the grass back gathering that in front it slides over it and loses it constantly. But few farmers ever think of so small a matter, but the millions of spears of grass lost by raking the wrong way make hundreds of tons.

The following tribute to Gouraud's ORIENTAL CREAM is from the plastic pen of the late gifted ADA CLARKE, and was published editorially in the Leader:—"The famous Dr. GOURAUD, of Broadway, has invented an ORIENTAL CREAM which resembles delicate enamel, and which has the merit of permitting the face to be washed, and then the cream be reapplied. This, I believe, is perfectly free from anything injurious to the skin, and is invisible—in fact, preferable to all the preparations advertised for the purpose." GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP cures Tan, Tetter, Pimples, Scalp Diseases, Moth Patches, &c. GOURAUD'S LIQUID ROUGE gives pale lips and cheeks a delicious rose stain. GOURAUD'S LILY WHITE surpasses the imitations in quality and quantity. GOURAUD'S Depot is 48 Bond street, New York, and druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG 4th A.D. 1821

Saturday Evening, June 17, 1876.

HOW IT GOES.

Hundreds of inquiries come from friends in former fields of labor asking "How does it go in the new enterprise?" This method of publicly answering the question is adopted because every reader of the Post is interested in knowing—just as the passengers on a vessel like to know how many knots she sails per hour, what are the prospects, etc.

Our book-keeper, who by the way has for eleven years past occupied the same desk, and to whom our subscribers are largely indebted for the promptness with which their interests have been attended to, informs us that the number of subscribers for two months past has been larger than in any two corresponding months during his connection with the paper.

It goes well!

Let us keep it going!!

Have you found that "*one more*" to help make the paper better? The medallions already sent out have brought many handsome recognitions of their beauty and appropriateness. Yours is ready; send in your claim.

NEW SPECTACLES WANTED.

The world is gazed at now-a-days through newspapers. Every day the great metropolitan journals enable one to inspect the doings of mankind. Every village has its reporter and telegraph station, and by a wonderfully complete organization every item of interest occurring, is at once known at headquarters and prepared for the inspection of the public. If the Prince of Wales in India should to-morrow catch a fall from his horse by the bursting of his saddle girths, every daily newspaper reader in Christendom might comment upon the omen at breakfast next morning. The days are come when that which is done in secret is proclaimed on the housetops. Through the world's "spectacles" one may now peer into every corner, inspect garrets, peep through key-holes and be thoroughly conversant with other people's business as well as with that which concerns himself.

Viewed through these glasses at present, this world is a most desirable place to escape from. The follies, faults, failures and misdeeds of men and women magnified into most easy reading, largely form the staple of the day's news. Column after column teems with records of frauds and comments thereon. Scarce a gleam of sunshine from a good deed enlivens the dark prospect. If any virtue is left, it is hidden in the shade of the towering Upas of crime.

We apply a very simple test to discover whether this universal condemnation daily dealt out by the leading papers, and the facts on which their judgment is based, are to be accepted as a faithful picture of the world. Is vice the rule and not the exception in any single locality? Do criminals outnumber law-abiding citizens in your town? Does not the fact that these are exceptional make them subjects of news? Otherwise, if evil deeds are in the majority would not the good require and receive special mention? Should we not in such case read items like the following: "George Squaredealer yesterday sold a customer sixteen ounces of tea for a pound." "The firm of Fair and Forward are paying their notes as they become due." "Hon. E. Whiteman did not take a single bribe during the last session of the Legislature." "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith have lived together as man and wife ten years!"

So then by this test we discover that our spectacles have been busy looking at the dark side of life. Unfortunately there is too good a market for the sale of such views. It seems easier to blame than to praise, and it flatters the average man to discover that all the world except himself is vile.

Will some clear-headed, and right-hearted editor see an opportunity now to "do good and make money" by looking up and praising the good that men are doing? It will present a pleasanter picture, stimulate by example to better life, shame those who deserve no praise, and decrease the prevalent appetite for scandal, which grows by what it feeds on. Perhaps it can't be done this year of Presidential election, but after the country is saved once more, and the Millennium dawns, it will be possible.

WHAT TO DO WITH WEEDS.

This is not an agricultural subject. There are other and worse weeds than thistles, burdock and wild onions—social weeds—men of worthless fruit, drawing support from the common stock and yielding nothing for the common good, but impoverishing the soil of the commonwealth and sadly diminishing the garners of national prosperity.

In Delaware, these weeds are thrashed, as appears by the following item taken from a recent daily paper:

"Ten criminals were flogged at the New Castle jail on Saturday, three being previously publicly exposed in the pillory. The Saturday before ten others were whipped and pilloried at the same place."

A farmer who should try this method with ripened thistles, would find the work rapidly growing on his hands. A thousand seeds would be scattered for every stalk crushed. A punishment that breaks down the best part of a man, his self-respect, and rouses his worst passions, hatred and revenge, seems equally absurd. It is weakness to argue against severe treatment of crime merely from pity because of the present pangs of the sufferer. The torture inflicted by the surgeon may be tenfold worse than the smart of the lash, yet it mercifully restores to soundness. If whipping will make bad men good, if it will drive out dishonesty, cruelty and lust, and give the culprit back to society sound and wholesome in his morals, lay it on. His screams will only be the discordant overture to the pleasant hymn of new life to come.

But if brutal treatment engenders brutality, and it surely does, then justice to community unites with rational sympathy for the criminal, and public opinion is justified in crying *shame!* on those who cling to this relic of barbarism.

The subject of the proper treatment of crime is both unfortunately and happily becoming a leading one; unfortunately from the apparent increase of criminality, happily as showing higher regard for the worth of manhood. The problem was formerly considered as having the two elements, prevention of crime and vengeance on the criminal, it is now discussed, as it should be, with reference to saving the criminal to himself and to society, and saving community from his depredations. The latter can never be accomplished without the former, and he who can best show how to accomplish these two ends, will be the true friend of society and of the culprit.

RUINOUS SUCCESS.

"I won a hundred yesterday!" said the first speaker exultingly; "and I lost fifty;" was the desponding answer. This was a bit of conversation casually overheard in Chestnut street, in this city. We sincerely pitied the winner. It is not the losses; it is the gains which ruin gamblers. If gaming houses could be so conducted that every one who entered should never win, the veriest fools would soon tire of being fleeced, and no laws against gambling would be needed. The occasional gains purposely permitted by sharpers or occurring by the laws of chance, where there is no unfair dealing, are the lures which lead to final ruin; to ruin of the *man*, if not to the squandering of his wealth.

There are successful gamesters, who count their wealth by hundreds of thousands, the fruits of misspent years. Every dollar of their fortune is the memento of another's misfortune, every stone in their costly mansions is a tablet recording the loss of a fellow-man, their bonds and mortgages should be written with the tears and blood of which too often they are the price. The fact that the possessor of ill-gotten gains can enjoy them, is the darkest shade of the picture. It shows a ruined moral nature; a "conscience seared as with a hot iron."

Winning at games of chance destroys the very springs of energy and industry. The best reward of toil in any calling is the power it adds to the man himself; strength to the arm, keenness to the intellect, steadiness to the nerve, force to the will; and, if gained in honest ways, the man has been built up in integrity. Only what is wrought *within* us, whether of good or evil, is ours inalienably.

The hundred dollars won by the man first alluded to, was to him a loss of motive power sufficient to earn a thousand. A few more such unlucky successes will unfit him for all exertion, and send him drifting to wreck among the unknown tides of exciting chance. Better to row on a peaceful lake than swiftly shoot through the rapids above Niagara.

Young men, heed an earnest word. Riches take to themselves wings, but he who gains them without earning, furnishes the wings in advance. Money won will not stay. Don't barter your manhood for the most uncertain of all possessions—fool's gold.

DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION.

Philadelphia is to-day the best dressed city in the Union. Not only the principal business streets, but the humbler lanes are bright with festive colors. Smiles of bunting and glad dimples of decoration beam from thousands of houses. The adornments on old Independence Hall and other public buildings and on many large business establishments are worth a day's journey to see.

It greatly helps a feeling to express it. Enthusiasm runs from house to house as the Stars and Stripes are displayed. Strangers from abroad shake hands with us, in their hearts at least, as they see their national colors profusely shown in recognition of their presence and their union in our rejoicing. Patriotism and brotherhood revive under the sunshine that reflects from their ten thousand shining emblems. Although the opening of the Exhibition, which called out the most profuse display, is passed, the flags keep their places, and proclaim that we intend to "make a year of it."

There is not a house in the land but would find well paying pleasure in joining in the display. If it be no more than roughly sewn or painted stripes and stars swaying from the house or tree top, it will carry the thought of the owner beyond his own narrow district and bring to him the proud feeling, "I am an American citizen." Let the whole land rejoice together and show the tokens of its gladness.

THE RAINBOW'S SECRET.

BY ISA CRAIG.

The sky is dark with sullen clouds:
The fields are sad with rain;
When breaks a light behind the hills
And shines upon the plain,
And eyes that seldom look above
Are lifted up on high,
With hope's old heart-beats to behold
A rainbow in the sky.

A relic of less-doubting days—
In childhood we were told,
That where the rainbow touched the earth,
There lay a key of gold;
And if one reached the radiant spot,
To him it should be given
To find the key which would unlock
The very gate of heaven.

Heaven touches earth on every side,
We say—and this to see
Where'er we stand the rainbow rests,
And we have found the key.

A HARD CASE.

(See Engraving on First Page.)

"What *can* we do with this?" their cobbler asks. His tone is full of assertion that nothing can be done. Poor old shoe! It has been the protection and the comfort of its mistress for many a month. Nothing like an old shoe for comfort. It has been taught to touch the corns tenderly and bend easily to the curves of the foot.

When it came new from the shop, it was undistinguishable from thousands of its fellows; now it could be recognized at a glance. It has literally been stamped with the individuality of the wearer. No wonder she looks rueful at the wreck now pronounced hopeless. She must give up an old friend.

Ah! if it were such friends only that we vainly cling to when the world carelessly or severely decides, "nothing can be done for them!"

TRIED BY FIRE.

BY D. J.

"The man is ruined — hopelessly ruined!"

The words startled me.

"So bad as that?" said the individual to whom the remark was made.

"Even so bad."

"Of whom are you speaking?" I ventured to ask.

"Of Jacob Atwood."

I started to my feet.

He was one of my old, intimate and long-tried friends.

"Ruined, did you say? That man ruined? Impossible!"

"There is no doubt of it. I received my information from those who have the best right to know."

"What has he done?" I asked, eagerly.

My question was received in silence, as if the meaning was not clearly apprehended.

"Is he a defaulter?"

"No."

The answer showed some surprise at my question.

"Has he betrayed an honorable trust reposed in him by his fellow men?"

"No, sir; his integrity is without question. In all his public relations he was true as steel to principle."

"What then? Has he placed any portion of his property beyond the reach of creditors who have just claims upon him?"

"Oh, no," said I, speaking out warmly; "not in any sense a ruined man. The merchant may be ruined, but, thank Heaven the man is whole."

The little company looked at me for a moment or two, half in surprise.

"The man is all right," I went on. "Only the scaffolding on which the workmen stood who were building up his character has fallen. Erect, calm, noble, half-divine he stands now in the sunshine and in the storm. Around his majestic brow the clouds may gather; upon it the tempest may beat; but he is immovable in his great integrity."

Some smiled at my enthusiasm. To them there was none of the moral sublime in the ruined merchant.

Others looked a little more thoughtful than before, and one said feebly:

"There is something in that."

"Something in that!

I should think there was. It was the first intelligence I had received of my friend's worldly misfortune and it grieved me.

In the evening I went to see Jacob Atwood. The windows of the elegant residence where he had lived for years were closed.

I looked up at the house—it had a deserted aspect.

I rung the bell; no one answered to my summons.

I could not repress the feeling of sadness that came over me.

The trial must have been severe even for a brave heart like his.

"I must find him," said I.

And I did find him; but far away from the neighborhood where merchant princes had their palace houses.

The house into which he had retired with his family looked small and mean and comfortless in comparison with the elegant abode from which he had removed.

I rang and was admitted. The parlor into which I was shown was a small room and the furniture not much better than we often see in the houses of the well-to-do mechanics, or clerks on moderate salaries. But everything was in order and scrupulously neat.

I had made only a hurried observation, when Mr. Atwood entered.

He looked somewhat careworn—his face was paler than when I last saw him, his eyes a little duller, his smile less cheerful.

The marks of trial and suffering were plainly visible.

It would have been almost a miracle had it been otherwise.

But he did not exhibit the aspect of a ruined man.

He grasped my hand warmly and said it was pleasant to look into the face of an old friend. I offered him words of sympathy.

"The worst is over," he answered, with manly cheerfulness, "and nothing is lost which may not be regained. I have found the bottom, know where I am, and there is strength enough left in me to stand up securely among the rushing waters. The best of all is, my property, which has been apportioned to my creditors, will pay every debt. That gives my heart its lightest pulsations."

"I heard that you were ruined," said I, as we sat talking together; "but I find that the man is whole. Not a principle invaded by the enemy—not a moral sentiment lost—not a jewel in the crown of honor missing."

He took my hand and, grasping it hard, looked into my face steadily for some moments. Then, in a subdued voice, he made answer:

"I trust that is even so, my friend. But there were seasons in the worse than Egyptian night through which I have passed when the tempter's power seemed about to crush me. For myself I cared little; for my wife and children everything. The thought of seeing them go out from the pleasant home I had provided for them and step down, far down, to a lower level in the social grade, half distracted me for a time. For them I would have braved everything but dishonor. I could not stoop to that. And so I have passed a fiery ordeal and come out, I verily believe, a better man. No, no, no, my friend, I am not ruined. I have lost my fortune, but not my integrity."

And so the man stood firm. It was not in the power of any commercial disaster to ruin him.

The storm raged furiously; the waves beat madly against him; but he stood immovable, for his feet were upon the solid rock of honor.

OUR NATIVE SONGS.

The power of patriotic song forms the theme of many an eloquent page. Lamartine called the "Marseillaise" the "fire-water of the French revolution;" and the Rev. E. Nason, in his tribute to our national song, declares that the grand patriotic peal of "Hail Columbia," and the stirring war-cry of Geo. F. Root's "Battle-cry of Freedom," exercised a mightier sway, during our last fearful war, than any other single cause whatever. The secret of the power of a patriotic song is that it is the embodiment of a nation's grandest thought—the idea of liberty—a living tongue speaking the dearest thought of a whole people.

The history of patriotic song in America traces the progress of the nation, and points forcibly to the important part music takes in shaping the destiny of a great nation. The first truly American song of which we have any reliable record, is said to have been written by that gallant warrior, James Wolfe, in 1759, as he glided down the St. Lawrence on the eve of the battle which gave him death, and its reward to the grave—glory. Since that time, many popular songs have struck deep down to the affections of the nation, and have done effective service in preserving the Union and softening the bitter griefs of sorrow in times "that try men's souls," and in keeping green the deeds and memory of those who

"Fought and bled in Freedom's cause."

But in the lists of our patriotic songs, how many are there that we can call wholly our own? How many of the grand old melodies are children of American genius in music? Our national hymns we proudly claim for our own; our national airs we borrow. The rollicksome "Yankee Doodle" is English; the stirring "Star-spangled Banner" places us under obligation to the same source; and so also even the tune of dear old "America." True, we have the inspiring strains of "Hail Columbia," and the plucky soldiers' songs called forth by the mighty upheaval between the North and South. But new times demand new music. We are a musical nation. Who will give us an American *Marseillaise?* Who, under the inspiration of this centennial year, will confer upon his native land a new *national* song, that the whole people will rapturously sing, and be proud to own? Let the grand old songs roll on, but let us also have and hear new ones; we must have fresh strains for fresh developments.—[Church's Musical Visitor.

ECHNICAL EDUCATION.

great lesson which every impar and honest visitor to the CentenExposition cannot fail to learn is tperiority in workmanship, taste and displayed by many Continental natover our own in such articles as lactins and porcelain, bronzes and objvertu and art. This we need harxplain is entirely owing to the sup training and development of artiund mechanics in those countries whe system of technical education is ige and most efficient operation, and ices men of the highest order of e, skill and artistic culture. We ake for an example one of the veryllest of all the Continental Statat of Wurtemberg, in Germanich has only a population of 1,77 In this State they have forty industrial and technical schoo the training of boys and educ them in all the industrial arts. hese schools there is a mercanti commercial course, and one for thlication of chemistry to the chemrts and manufactures, where there fifty-one professors and teach chemical and physical mineralodelling rooms, mechanical workrooms for drawing, botanical gaod astronomical observatory. Therother schools for building instrand tradesmen, where builders ared for masters and constructors o works, etc., and plasterers, iters, grainers, painters, smith are educated for foremen and ; and the schools are crowd those for whom they are intendhile the graduates are eagerly everywhere for their superior nce.

Thealso schools for education in all altural pursuits, in which practiombined with theory, they having their care four hundred square of territory. These schools are lartended, for in one year 12,040 s, in 522 places, were getting a h, complete and practical agriculucation. Connected with these are institutions for practical trai anatomy, physiology and diseasemals.

BIG TREES AT THE CENTENNIAL.

To botanists, the exhibit which will afford them greater delight than any other in the whole of the Centennial buildings is that of the wood growth of the United States, in the United States Building. The display is thoroughly complete, at the foot of the cases many hundred sections of logs being placed, while overhead in the cases are specimens of the foliage of their respective trees. From the sub-tropical growth of the Gulf and Southwestern States up to the hardy conifers of Maine and the Northwest there is not a tree of importance which is not here represented. The patience of the curious is sorely taxed in counting the rings of old stagers that had reached the hey-day of their growth two hundred years before Columbus first saw Guanahani, and of some that had doubtless sheltered weary aborigines while Louis of France was battling for the cross in Palestine. Most of these interesting specimens were obtained from the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California. The principal of those of which accurate statistics can be given are as follows: One of a sugar pine, 175 feet high and 27 feet in circumference at the base, and 588 years old, the section having been made at a diameter of 7 feet 2 inches; one of a soft, white pine, 130 feet high, 25 feet in circumference at the base, and 510 years old, the section having been made at a diameter of 6 feet 6 inches, and one of a red silver fir, 162 feet high, 80 feet in diameter at the base, tapering for one hundred feet before the first branch was reached, and 392 years old. All these grew on the Sierra Nevada. There is also one of a twisted pine from the Rocky Mountains, 128 feet high, 22 feet in diameter at the base and 297 years old. A curious exhibit for most folk in the Middle States is that of the many varities of native oak and the remarkable want of resemblance among them in regard to foliage, the tan-bark oak of California, for instance, having velvety, willow-shaped leaves, while those of the blackjack oak of the Southern Atlantic States are bell-shaped. In the grain of the wood, also, the same wide divergency exists. While the canon live oak of the Southwest has a smooth bark and fine grain, the post-oak of this region is rugged both in bark and grain.

NOT THAT KIND OF A MAN.

Rev. Dr. P. the other day found a pack of playing cards in the possession of his oldest boy, and after giving the lad a thrashing for owning such engines of Satan, the doctor placed the cards in his own pocket, intending to destroy them at the first opportunity. But he forgot about them, and subsequently, while on the cars on the way to the city, he pulled out his handkerchief, and the cards came out with it and fell upon the floor. The doctor gathered them up, with a very red face, and while he was arranging them in his hand, he saw a rough-looking man in the seat opposite to him wink at him. He turned his head away, but upon looking around a moment later, the man winked at him again. Then he winked several times, and finally he came over, and sitting down by the side of the doctor, he said:

"I say, pardner, what's your little game?"

"I don't understand you, sir," replied the doctor.

"Oh, you needn't mind me," said the man. "I'm doing a little at that thing myself. Now, how do you work it?"

"What do you mean? How do I work what?"

"Oh, you know well enough. What do you skin 'em on?"

"Skin them! Skin who? Really, sir, your remarks are incomprehensible to me."

"Now, see here. I understand the whole thing. You're hunting up somebody to play seven-up with, and you intend to beat them out of their money. Now, don't you?"

"You don't know who you are talking to."

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. There's no man on this earth that kin turn jacks faster'n I kin; and less you and me start up a game on some of these fellers, and I'll run three or four jacks up my sleeve, with a couple of aces maybe, and when we get to town we'll divide the profits and go down and get roaring drunk at the tavern. Is it a bargain?"

"You are a scoundrel, sir!" exclaimed the doctor. "Let me change my seat, if you please."

"Won't do it? Won't club in with me and try a few games?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Won't lend me them jacks to put in my sleeve?"

"You seem to forget that I am a clergyman, sir."

"A cler— Oh, no. You don't mean to say that—that—you ain't a preacher; now, honest, are you?"

"Yes, sir, I am Rev. Dr. P."

"Too bad! too bad! Believe me, if I didn't think you were one of those fellows who play cards on the cars to gouge greenhorns out of their money. You look like one anyway, now don't you? And what are you doing with that pack, old man, hey? Would you mind if I showed you how to run 'em over so's when you play they can't fool you? I'll do it for nothing."

Then Dr. Potts went into the hind car and got off at the next station. When he got home he gave that boy of his a couple of extra floggings in order to ease his feelings.

Exertion, whether called labor, recreation, or amusement, is essential to health; and, as the body was made for labor, work is its natural and honorable duty. An idle man or woman is a discredit to the race, and unusually liable to fall into disease, whilst an industrious person adds to the wealth of the country, and is more likely to be healthy and happy.

There are none living who do not, in a greater or less degree, have an influence over the earthly happiness of others. The sense of contributing to the pleasures of others augments our own happiness. Unselfishness, Christian charity, and loving-kindness are sunbeams of the soul.

A mountain is made up of atoms, and friendship of little matters, and if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is crumbled into dust.

The pebbles in our path weary us, and make us footsore more than the rocks, which require only a bold effort to surmount.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

Most of the State buildings are comfortably furnished.

The Japanese desire to be free from intrusion.

Belmont avenue for several squares has a seaside appearance.

The erection of additional buildings will not cease until the Exhibition closes.

Great Britain makes quite a display of preserved meats, fruits and other foods.

The children's coaches displayed in the Carriage Buildings are almost too rich looking for service.

The green roof of the Agricultural building affords a great relief to the sameness in the colors of the other buildings.

At the Japan department of the Centennial a young lady examining a quaintly-wrought vase, asked a Japanese youth in attendance: "What is that vase made for?" The polite little fellow replied: "Madame, that was made expressly to secure the admiration of the American ladies."

Japan invites the lovers of bronzes and colossal vases, ten feet high, and fairy-like cups of transparent china into her domain, to purchase at sight. One, a $10,000 vase, is said to have been sold, and a dozen of the porcelain cups at $30. Some of the blue china screens, of Celestial blue, with white vines sweeps over their smooth surface, are exceedingly admired.

"Centennial Crystals" is the name given to one-horse vehicles for conveying passengers to and from the Centennial grounds. They are shaped somewhat like the old-fashioned cab, but much more lightly and expensively built. Each will carry four passengers for whom fifty cents per head is charged for going to and from the Exposition. They are little patronized so far.

The New York *Home Journal* says that at the opening of the Exposition one of Philadelphia's fairest daughters, a lady of culture, and a member of one of the best families, wore a dress costing but fifty cents, made with her own hands. It consisted of ten yards of Madeler calico, at four cents per yard; ruffles of same materials, and trimmings ten cents.

Centennial Canoe Parties.—Two "Row Boy" canoes have been made for a cruise to the Centennial through the Morris Canal to Lake Hopatcong, down the Musconetong River to the Delaware, down the Delaware to Philadelphia, up the same river to Trenton, through the Delaware and Raritan Canals as far as Kingston, and then down the Stony Brook, and Millstone and Raritan Rivers to Perth Amboy, thence through Staten Island Sound, and home by Newark Bay and the Passaic.

Buildings on the Centennial grounds carry over each entrance a numbered banner surmounted by a small flag. The color of the flag corresponds with the border of the banner, and indicates the class to which the building belongs, viz:

Blue.—Buildings erected by the Centennial Commission.

Red.—United States and State buildings.

White.—Foreign buildings.

Yellow.—Restaurants, places of entertainments, etc.

Green.—Miscellaneous buildings.

The following schedule of regular hours for performance at the music platform and organ galleries of the Main Building has been established:

MUSIC.

9 to 10.30 A. M.—Impromptu organ playing.
10.30 to 12 noon—Morning concert at music platform, central pavilion.
12.30 to 2 P. M.—Organ concert.
3.30 to 5 P. M.—Matinee at music stand, central pavilion.
5 to 6 P. M.—Impromptu organ playing.

Among the notable minor buildings on the Centennial grounds none attract more attention than the Moorish Villa from Tangiers. It is twelve feet in diameter, and about the same height, painted in variegated colors. The door is too low for a man to enter without stooping, and the windows are about 10x12 inches in size. The vestibule, walls and ceiling are inlaid or covered with moresque decorations of the most curious and intricate character. This toy-like structure is in charge of a half-dozen Orientals in their national costume, who are objects of curious interest to all.

Few people have any idea of how many ways there are by which money is demanded from the Centennial treasury. There are between 1100 and 1200 men on guard duty alone, whose pay is $1 daily each. Then there is a detective squad of twenty-five men, who are paid liberally, and there are gate-keepers, clerks, cleaners, laborers, etc., without number. The guards have no light labor. They were on duty twenty hours out of the twenty-four on opening day, and their regular duties require them at their posts eight hours at a time. They are camped on the grounds, fed by the Centennial Commission, and are formed into military squads, and kept under army discipline.

The large iron safe, known as the "Centennial Safe," manufactured in New York, is now on exhibition in Memorial Hall. The safe is to contain albums of the photographs and autographs of the leading Centennial officers, Governors of States and other prominent men; autograph books called the United States Centennial Album, a silver inkstand lined with gold, and two pens used in recording the names in the books. One of the pens was presented by Henry W. Longfellow. Many other mementoes will also be deposited within it. At the conclusion of the Exhibition it is to be taken to Washington and placed in the Capitol to remain until the next Centennial in 1976.

Under the auspicious of the Centennial Commission a series of addresses will be delivered upon the Centennial grounds on specified days descriptive of the history, growth, wealth and population of the several States and Territories of the Union. Upon the invitation of the Commission many of the State and Territorial executives have appointed representative to deliver such addresses, which are intended to include agricultural, manufacturing, mineral and other statistics of each State, and eventually to be published in book form for distribution in the United States and foreign countries. The proposition originated with the State Commission of Tennessee, and has received a very general acquiescence throughout the south and west. The particular days to be set apart for the purpose have not yet been assigned.

One of the most curious musical instruments ever exhibited anywhere is probably the "electric orchestra," which is now in position in the eastern end of Horticultural Hall. The instrument somewhat resembles an orchestrian in general appearance, and is so arranged that it can be played from a keyboard like an ordinary pipe-organ. The chief improvement is the reading-machine, which is connected with the instrument by wires, along which the currents of electricity governing the action are conducted. The music-sheet is in the form of a roll, which is drawn under a row of charged feelers or "readers," whose office it is to distinguish the notes. It is moved by passing between two gum-covered rollers, which are rotated by a mechanism called a "wind engine." The motive power of this is the compressed air or "wind" of the bellows of the instrument and it contains, in its construction, all the necessary elements of a steam engine, represented, however, in such different forms that no resemblance to the latter is left. It is a double engine, each pair of opposite wind-pockets being equivalent to a steam cylinder, and the alternate movements of their swinging leaves are the counterparts of the push and return of the piston-head. The music played by this strange instrument which represents a band of twelve pieces, is boundless in range, and the performances are very enjoyable. It is, in fact, a complete orchestra, worked by machinery, and the most difficult scores ever written are played as correctly by the electric fingers as the simplest airs.

The New England Log House is all that its name implies, being built of logs and wearing an ancient aspect, which is well set off by the fancy modern structures which surround it. The interior of the log house comprises two small low-studded square rooms, which wear an exceedingly antiquated look, and which are filled with old-fashioned furniture and Revolutionary relics. The great open fireplace, which is adorned with appropriate paraphernalia, monopolizes nearly all one side of the front room, while the narrow and low windows and doors share with a few wrinkled pictures and relics on the other wall. From the ceiling depends strings of dried apples and peppers, ears of corn and other emblems of the olden time. Here are shown Gen. Stark's spurs, John Alden's desk, and the veritable cradle in which was rocked Peregrine White, born in the Mayflower, in 1620. Here, too, is the silver pitcher used by Lafayette in Boston, Capt. Nathan Barrett's sword worn at the Concord fight, Gov. Endicott's folding chair, a chest of drawers 300 years old, a clock aged 400, and a large variety of other old relics too numerous to mention. In the bed-room is an old-fashioned bedstead, with a quilt of 200 years old, and a sheet belonging to a Lynn lady who received it from her great-grandmother. There is an old-fashioned kitchen, too, where a boiled dinner, beans, brown bread and old fashioned puddings are prepared and served up for company in real old-fashioned style.

OUR
BOYS
GIRLS

THE SUNFLOWER AND THE Morning Glory.

BY A. COOLIDGE.

A sunflower and a morning glory grew close together in the farthest corner of a poor woman's garden. They started in the race of life as equals. At least they sprung up out of the same lowly ground, and from small beginnings. They both fought their way up out of the dark earth into the bright sunshine. Both of them had their little heads pelted by rain-drops, and at a time when they hardly felt able to bear it; and were blown about by winds which were almost too strong for them.

Whatever may have been the sunflower's disposition, the remembrance of that early struggle, together with the fact that for ever so long, it did'nt seem to grow any faster than its companion, tended to humble its natural pride of heart and check it in its uneasy desire for vain boasting. After a time, however, a flood of new life seemed to thrill its vitals and it began to shoot up, straight as an arrow, and, oh, so tall! Then it grew stout and began to swell and throw out great leaves. In its young pride it imagined them to be almost as large as the gorgeous palm leaves of India.

The little Morning Glory on the contrary, began to get in a very strange way. It did'nt stop growing. Oh, no! It could'nt do that, but it twisted and turned and wriggled around, first one way and then the other, as tho' it were quite beside itself. Even if it began to shoot up in a sensible way, no knowing but it would take a sudden turn and go down, down, as tho' it had determined to bury itself in the cold sod beneath. Not being able to do this, it would make a desperate attempt to catch hold of its own leaves and tendrils instead, and, like a thing of spite, tie itself up into a double and twisted knot. Then, perhaps, it would take a fresh start and dart off again in a graceful, spiral, leaning attitude, extremely perplexing, inasmuch as one could never guess what turn it would take next.

"I do wonder," said the Sunflower, one day after it had become so accustomed to unfolding its leaves as to be able to attend to other people's affairs, "I do wonder what is the matter with that foolish little Morning Glory away down there? She was such a smart, promising little creature when we were young together. I do wonder how it is that the Morning Glory family never amount to anything. Really I think the poor thing must be crazy. See how she bobs and twists and fidgets around! Is'nt it comical to see her perform? Never still for a moment. Reaching out as tho' she wanted to button-hole every plant in the garden. I don't know but she'll take up with that horrible Squash yet, if she can't find anybody else to hang on to. Ah, well! my conscience is easy, anyhow. Nobody could have provided her with a better shelter than I have," added Sunflower, looking down with great pride on his row after row of huge leaves. "I have not only supplied the poor little thing with one roof, but I've spread a dozen roofs over her foolish head. Why, I declare, I never thought of it before, but I have made them so thick and splendid that I do not believe a single drop of rain could touch her, if she only had sense enough to stay where Providence has placed her, instead of rambling off in that queer fashion. But there is no use in trying to do anything for the Morning Glory family. They always were a crooked set. I am satisfied I have done my duty, and now I shall go about my own business."

So the great Sunflower went about his business. When he began to flower, he felt prouder than ever. It seemed almost as tho' he would burst with pride. He had so much to do now. So many bright yellow leaves, etc., to attend to and develop, that he quite forgot the old green ones down below. The mildew seized upon them. Black spots made their appearance. A hail storm came one day and tore them almost to tatters. Then the hot, dry August sun with its oven-like breath, fairly baked them and rolled them up like a scroll. Then the antic wind came scurrying along and scattered them all about the coarse cabbage and the poor despised squash vines.

"Ah!" murmured the pale little Morning Glory, "what a relief! I can breathe now. What a blessing the sunshine is! How warm I feel! Really this reminds me of my childhood. I feel as though I should grow strong now and be somebody. That is, if I can only find something to cling to." For, strange to say, in spite of all her adversities, the idea of something to cling to, never left her simple brain. So she straightened up, bent over and peeped shyly about to find the desired object. 'Erelong she espied the bare, ungraceful stalk of the Sunflower.

"My!" exclaimed she, "I do believe that is my old neighbor, the Sunflower! But how seedy and yellow he has grown since the naughty wind carried his leaves off! Poor fellow! He tried to be kind to me once. I must not desert him now, just as he begins to need me. Besides" —said she, reaching out her arms with a peculiar yearning motion—"I must have something to cling to."

So the little Morning Glory threw herself away upon the old dilapidated Sunflower and clung to him as though he were the most desirable object in existence. This, however, is the marvel, the longer she clung, the more beautiful and graceful she became, and the happier, too.

"Oh, it is so delightful to be supported," sighed she.

Now she had absolutely nothing to do but put forth leaves and tendrils. So industrious was she in this department that soon the dry and unsightly Sunflower stalk was quite covered up with graceful foliage. One bright day, a purple and crimson tide welled up through her happy heart, and, lo the next morning she was glorious with beautiful blossoms!

"I never knew before exactly why she was named Morning Glory," said the susceptible Mr. Squash, who at one time hoped to have her for his own. "Just see that hard-hearted old wretch Sunflower, though. He never seems to notice her at all."

This was true, but it must be remembered that Sunflower had just been going through with a mighty struggle. He had succeeded in bringing forth a huge sort of flower, and now he was taking a good look at it. A great big, flat, yellow and black thing it was, to be sure. To do credit, he did'nt feel at all proud of it. He began to feel terribly sorry that he had ever left the leaf business; and, looking down to contrast his earlier work with his later, he saw the little Morning Glory, now grown up so fine and tall and laden with all its wealth of purple blossoms.

"My! little one, are you here?" exclaimed Sunflower in amazement. "Why! where in the world are all my splendid leaves?"

"Oh, dear! The wind blew them away ever so long ago," replied Morning Glory. "I heard him as he whisked them over my head, so I have come to supply their place. Did'nt you want me," said the Morning Glory, glancing at him out of her exquisite eyes.

Old Sunflower was too proud to say "yes, but he looked at her in a way so sad and tender, that it sent a thrill of delight through all of the sensitive leaves and tendrils of her little body.

The truth was, he had failed in the flowering business, and so it came to pass that he had no pleasure in life but to gaze at the beautiful Morning Glory day after day.

And Morning Glory! Her cup of happiness was more than full. It is said that it was from this constant overflow that the brim became drenched and finally colored with a glow of queenly purple.

In spite of all his early chastisements, old Sunflower never quite conquered his natural pride of heart and arrogance of assertion. When any of his neighbors, like Mr. Squash for instance, were inclined to make damaging comparisons between himself and Morning Glory, he could not resist the temptation of retorting: "Well, I support her, anyhow, and that's more than some can say."

Then pretty little Morning Glory would chime in: "That isn't all of the story either, dear Sunflower. No matter what our grovelling neighbors Mr. Squash and Pumpkin may say, so long as the most industrious and respectable part of community pay you so much attention. There are our lively neighbors the Bees, how fond they are of you! You are sweeter to them than the roses.

"So you see that those plants which look the juiciest and sweetest are not always the ones that have the most oil and honey. Then, my dear, there's that lovely little white Bantam—the widow's only pet. I saw her looking up so reverently at your crown of pearly seeds as she came down the garden walk only yesterday morning. Just as though she fairly worshipped you and longed to feast on your bounty or pick up the crumbs that fall from your table.

"Oh, I am sure, if the Bees and Bantams who have such beautiful wings and can fly ever so high in the air, adore you so much, you need'nt care for Squash & Company, who trail on the ground all their lives long. Besides," added Morning Glory, assuming a literary air, "I have been reading up the history of the Sunflower family, and I know all about their wonderful exploits and their beneficent deeds. Why they saved a whole Portuguese fleet from starvation once upon a time. Then there are the American Indians. They are genuine Missionaries among them, I assure you. When game is scarce and these wild people are in danger of perishing for want of food, and are tempted to prowl about the lands of the white man, Sunflowers furnish them with a delicious kind of bread. Many of them are fine physicians, too. Especially those who live in the low-lands. They have a skillful way of preventing diseases—particularly those horrid fevers, which turn the hair so grey and the skin so yellow. Why, even their ashes are a benefit to humanity! Oh, I'm sure the world never could have thrived at all, without the fine old Sunflower family!"

Sunflower nodded, mighty pleased.

"And you, my little Morning Glory! You could'nt do without me could you?"

Sweet little Morning Glory folded her delicate tendrils still closer about this unlovely prop, and whispered: "No, indeed, dear Sunflower!"

ROMANTIC REVOLUTIONISTS.

A Wilmington (North Carolina) paper tells a romance of the revolution, which romances, by the way, abound this Centennial year. It says that during the occupancy of Wilmington by a portion of Lord Cornwallis' army, an English officer who had been desperately smitten by the charms of an American beauty, wrote the name of the fair one on a pane of glass in the house in which he was quartered. Subsequently he married the young lady, and the young couple, after spending some years abroad, passed the remainder of their lives in New York. By a singular coincidence their son, nearly a half century afterward, being a visitor at the house in question, recognized the name on the glass as his mother's. And now comes another incident of the legend. Recently a son of the visitor, a grandson of the British officer, being well informed of the story, came to Wilmington to search for the historic pane of glass. When he arrived he found that the ancient house had been remodeled by its present owner. Search being made, the identical pane of glass was found, and was taken back with him to New York.

LOVE UNREQUITED.

BY DELMADI.

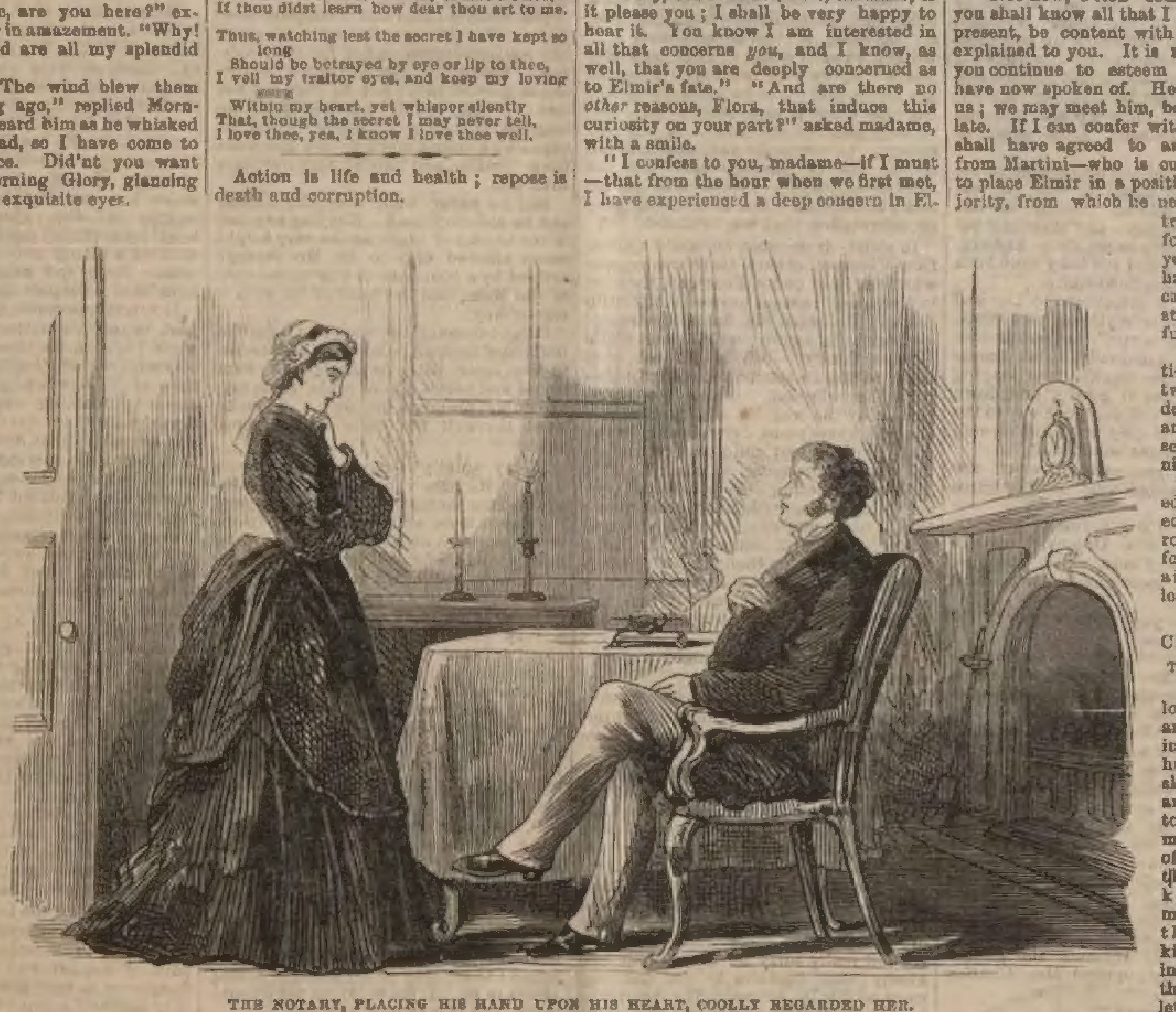
I dare not breathe thy name, though wondrous sweet the sound,
For fear some wand'ring zephyrs, ling'ring near
Should catch its loving tone and whisper it around;
So that at last 'twould reach thy list'ning ear.
Then wouldst thou guess the secret kept for years,
And naught it would it avail—save idle tears.

I dare not raise my eyes to meet thy kindly smile,
Lest they the secret of my soul shouldst tell;
For, deeply tender, ling'ring on thy face the while,
Thou'dst read within them that I love thee well;
And, knowing this, for very shame I'd flee,
If thou didst learn how dear thou art to me.

Thus, watching lest the secret I have kept so long
Should be betrayed by eye or lip to thee,
I veil my traitor eyes, and keep my loving [illegible]
Within my heart, yet whisper silently
That, though the secret I may never tell,
I love thee, yea, I know I love thee well.

* * *

Action is life and health; repose is death and corruption.



THE NOTARY, PLACING HIS HAND UPON HIS HEART, COOLLY REGARDED HER.

A SAILOR'S FORTUNE.

A Romance of the Land and the Ocean.

By FRED HUNTER.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SAILOR BOY IN DISTRESS.

While the poor sailor was thus at the very point of starvation—maimed, hungered, famishing, on a dreary and uninhabited Spanish shore—where a crust of bread and a cup of water would be greeted by him and his companions as an inestimable God-send—the cunning Martini was at his ease, comparatively, in his comfortable apartment in Paris, and Madame Denoir and Flora Delmont were still in the enjoyment of plenty—ay, luxury and happiness—in their beautiful home, at Toulon!

I have said that our two lady friends were happy. This assertion I must correct; they were enjoying all that money could purchase, for madame's purse was not yet curtailed—but they were *not* happy. Madame was busy in concocting plans to thwart the aim of Martini, and the beautiful Flora was anxious, and nervous, and curious to learn the fate of her friend Fonblanc. He had been present in her thoughts, constantly, since his absence, and she hoped to see him return to her, long before this—for madame had so taught her to think and speak of him—and she wondered why he delayed his coming.

But little did Flora or Madame Denoir suspect that at the moment they were speaking of him, he was toiling on foot over a rocky and sterile soil—whither *he* knew not!—on, on, as his companions dragged themselves wearily at his side, in the hope of finding something in the shape of food, of which, since the wreck—then nearly four-and-twenty hours—they had not tasted! Poor Elmir Fonblanc!

"I wonder, madame," said the gentle girl, placing her delicate hand upon the lady's arm, as they sat, at evening, alone, each thinking of the absent youth—though the thoughts of each were disposed towards him in a somewhat different manner—"I wonder, madame, if Elmir is thinking of us, to-night?"

"Ah, me! Flora—were you, too, dreaming of *him?* I was just thinking how strange has been his career, and hoping, in my own heart, that he may be as happy and as well situated as we are, to-night."

"So I trust, madame, for his sake, surely," responded Flora. "But, madame, the perils of the sea are so frightful, that I marvel Elmir pursues such a precarious profession—and so devotedly, as he does."

"It is not so much a matter of wonder with *me*, Flora, under the circumstances, as it may well be to *you*. He is under strange influences, corrupt and deceitful from the very start; and I do not doubt that at this moment Elmir believes he is doing *my* bidding—or, at least, that he is but answering *my wishes*—in the profession he follows. Such, you know, were the inducements which prompted him to leave France, originally, as we have learned from his letter—and such, unquestionably, are the reasons he now has (and which have probably been reiterated to him, if he has again started on a voyage), prompted through the same vile agency that dared to promulgate the first."

"Yet we do not know that he *has* again departed madame."

"No—but it is more than likely. Monsieur has not consummated his plans, yet—and God grant that he never may! but he is busy, continually; and Elmir would be in the way. I do not doubt that he has found means to send him away, again—for I cannot learn a word in London regarding him, save what we have ascertained through the cab-man who took them from the hospital. He avers that they were left at a sailor's boarding-house near the river; and thence he has been shipped off I do not doubt."

"I trust he may prosper, and yet return to us, madame," said Flora, earnestly.

"We may hope all things, Flora; but the vicissitudes of the sea are threatening and unnumbered! I would much like to know his whereabouts, this night."

"You tell me, madame, that you have known Elmir Fonblanc, almost from his birth?"

"Yes, Flora—and I have often thought I would tell you his history."

"Pray, tell it to me, *now*, madame, if it please you; I shall be very happy to hear it. You know I am interested in all that concerns *you*, and I know, as well, that you are deeply concerned as to Elmir's fate." "And are there no *other* reasons, Flora, that induce this curiosity on your part?" asked madame, with a smile.

"I confess to you, madame—if I must—that from the hour when we first met, I have experienced a deep concern in Elmir's fate. You cannot have overlooked this fact, I am aware; and your knowledge of human nature, I feel confident, has many a time detected my secret—which can surely be no secret to you!"

"Secret!" exclaimed madame, pleasantly; "and has my charming Flora a secret, too—at sixteen years of age!"

"No, madame—I answer no! For you have long since possessed yourself of it."

"Of what, pray?"

"A truce to banter, madame—and let me know the history of Elmir Fonblanc—whom *you know I love*, almost as well as I do yourself," said Flora, frankly.

"Excellent! Upon my word, excellent—sweet one!" responded Madame Denoir, pressing Flora to her breast. "I am rejoiced at your confession, though you are right in believing that I already felt sure of your affection for him. But—listen, and you shall learn his story, briefly."

"The portrait yonder, Flora," said madame, more earnestly, as she pointed to the picture of a handsome man upon the parlor panel, "is a faint resemblance of Monsieur Bouvais, of Paris, of whom you have often heard me speak."

"I remember, distinctly, madame. He was your friend, whom you visited for so long a period, at Paris; and who used to send me, you said, so many *bonbons*, years ago."

"Yes—yes. Well, he had a sister, who married an officer in the French armor, and who, some fifteen years ago, or more, suddenly deceased in Paris. Monsieur loved this lady, warmly, and her husband dying soon after she was taken away, he at once took charge of and commenced to educate their only child—who was thus left an orphan at a very tender age. This boy was Elmir—the family name was Fonblanc."

"He was fortunate, madame, in thus finding so good a friend."

"You speak truly, Flora—for Monsieur proved really a *true* friend to him. He provided for all his wants, placed him at the best school near Paris, where he obtained an excellent education, and would have brought him into position in life, at an early age, had he lived to carry out his intentions; but monsieur died, as you are aware, and *I* became the nominal guardian for Elmir."

"*You*, madame?"

"I mean by this, that I assumed the care of Elmir's fortune, for the time being; proposing, at the proper time, to choose a profession for him, and place him in a position to carve his own way to fortune. But a scoundrel interfered—in whom, up to that time, I had confided, as Monsieur Bouvais also had confided—and, who—for purposes of his own, which I will one day explain to you—induced the boy to leave France; thus overturning all my plans, and frustrating at the same time the hopes and prospects of Elmir himself. He holds a clue to the property of the youth—so he now avers—and he is aiming to control it, permanently. This it is, that has shown him the villain we have proved him to be—for you must be aware to whom I allude."

"Martini, Madame?"

"Yes, Flora. He it is who has crossed our path, and he it is who has made us all the trouble we have yet experienced."

"But why not avoid him, madame?"

"Ah, *why?* You must know the rest, Flora, at a future time. But not now, love. Suffice it—Martini declares that a codicil exists to monsieur's will, in favor of this boy, and that he claims (under the uncle's legal appointment before he died), to be his guardian proper. Thus he keeps the boy away from *me*, fearing that I shall attempt to control him in the disposal of that property (of which I now hold nominal possession—the estate being left to me subject to this codicil), and thus displace his authority."

"But is there no means of compromise?"

"No!" said madame, sharply; "no, Flora—none, that I will accede to. While Martini can keep Elmir away from me, he can threaten me; and, it may be, finding himself baffled in the consummation of another scheme which he has undertaken, he will so arrange matters with Elmir, (the boy consenting, in his innocence), that he will continue to control his estate, dupe *him*, as he would *me*, and eventually possess the extended means which of right belong to Elmir, but of which he is now entirely ignorant."

"And what is this alternative of which you speak, madame? This existing compromise that may be?"

"Not now, Flora—some other time you shall know all that I know; for the present, be content with what I have explained to you. It is my desire that you continue to esteem the youth we have now spoken of. He may return to us; we may meet him, before it is too late. If I can confer with him ere he shall have agreed to any proposition from Martini—who is cunning enough to place Elmir in a position, at his majority, from which he never could retreat—I shall be fortunate, and you will be made happy. But who can say what is in store for us in the future?"

The conversation ended—the two ladies sat in deep thought—and at last they separated for the night.

The shipwrecked mariners toiled on, over the rocky waste before them—but aid was, at length, at hand!

CHAPTER XIV

THE DEFIANCE.

The three sailors wandered on and at last came in sight of a small hut on the outskirts of Arlos, an insificant town lying a few miles southwest of Gijon—where they made known their misfortunes, and through the kindness of the inhabitants of the little hamlet, they found themselves enabled to proceed forward, well clad and fed, to the nearest seaport town; in the hope of finding there some French vessel bound homeward.

After this last mishap, Elmir Fonblanc had had enough of the sea! He determined to return to France, if he could find any means so to do, at the earliest opportunity; and, after communicating with his old friend the notary, and Madame Denoir, of whose differences he had not the remotest idea, and of the real character of either of whom he had but slight knowledge—he would enter the army, perhaps, or otherwise dispose of himself, ashore—for he was heartily tired of the roving, toilsome, perilous life of a sailor, and he resolved to relinquish it. How gladly would Madame Denoir have received him, and how readily would she have assisted him, in his emergency, could she have had the opportunity! But this was not yet to be.

For several weeks, madame had remained in comparative quiet, at Toulon, going but little into society, and enjoying the pleasant companionship of the loved and fascinating Flora—when a visitor called upon her, rather unexpectedly, from Paris. It was Monsieur Martini, the notary!

He was as unceremonious and as cold as was his wont. No one would have suspected, from *his* address or his deportment, in any way, that aught of a disagreeable character had ever transpired between himself and the lady he now waited upon—her own residence—*for the last time!* Such was his resolve, however. He came to Toulon for a final answer to his suit—and he opened the business he had in hand, as soon as he found himself in madame's presence—who received him civilly, but with all the formality that might have been expected on the part of a proud and high-minded, but desperate woman.

"After what has passed between us, monsieur, I had indulged the hope that you would not again thrust yourself, unbidden, into my presence," said Madame Denoir, coldly.

"Proceed," said Martini, civilly.

"You *know* me, monsieur. Unfortunately for my present weal, I find that you are disposed to take advantage of this circumstance, and are inclined to persecute me."

"Proceed, madame."

"You have contrived, in a measure, to make me your dupe; and I deserve your pity rather than your contumely."

"Go on, lady—I am all attention."

"How have I sinned, monsieur—in what way have I erred—that you should thus have the power to render me your victim?" demanded the sufferer, bitterly. "You pursue me with the ferocity of the tiger; you plant thorns in my path at every step; you would crush me, inevitably—to gratify your wicked and unholy passion. *Mon Dieu!* Why am I thus afflicted and harassed!"

The notary offered no reply to this.

"Not content with this, you have stooped to the miserably paltry minutiæ of knavery, most unworthy and contemptible even in the sight of bolder villains; such petty deceit and roguery as should merit castigation at the hands of the very *canaille* in the streets."

"You are wordy, madame!"

"You have stolen my letters!"

"What, madame!" exclaimed Martini, as the idea now first suggested itself to him that the woman had perhaps obtained some positive clue to his intrigues, and larceny of her correspondence; "what did you say?"

"I repeat it, monsieur, you have intercepted my letters; and I *know* you have deceived both myself and others. You have grossly abused my former confidence in you, you have entrapped the boy, Elmir Fonblanc, by means of your duplicity, you have used my name to deceive him, and you hope, yet, to defraud him of his honest rights. But, mark me! Unless you halt in this career of crime and guilt, a fearful retribution awaits you!"

"Have you done, madame?"

"No—not yet! Tell me, monsieur—what is it you seek? What is your price? Your object is pecuniary gain. Name the amount, monsieur—tell me what I must sacrifice to satisfy you; what shall I pay to cause a cessation of your claim, or your aim, and be ridden of your importunities, your insults and your presence—forever? I am equal to anything—all things—to accomplish this; and if my possessions, *our* possessions are adequate to meet it—name the sum!"

"Have you *now* done, madame?"

"I await your answer, monsieur."

"I have been patient, Marie Denoir, on this occasion, very patient—as you know, for *me!* I have listened to your tirade, and now I ask you to listen—if you *can*, as patiently to me."

The fair sufferer placed her palm upon her forehead, and while the tears of pain and wounded pride forced themselves from her eyelids, through her jeweled fingers, the wily, wiry, flinty-hearted notary proceeded as follows:

"You weep, Marie! I have seen the time, when such a flow of tears as this, from *your* eyes, would have melted me, in sympathy; that hour is long since passed. You spurned me, *then*, Marie; you did not think that many years afterwards, we should meet, as we now do, on more even terms!"

A heavy sigh, only, broke the silence which temporarily succeeded this declaration of the notary.

"Let us go back, a little, Marie," continued Martini, after a brief pause. "Whatever I have latterly done, or said, you will not deny the truth of what I am now about to say, I think.

"When—nearly five-and-twenty years since—monsieur sought the fair hand of the youthful Countess de B——, of Versailles, he had a secret rival. Monsieur was wealthy, but only 'gentle blood' circulated in his veins, and the family of the young countess were utterly opposed to the union. His rival was without pecuniary means, but noble blood was his recommendation. The countess discarded him, for his poverty, and Bouvais succeeded in obtaining the hand of a woman whom the other earnestly loved. The Countess wedded him, *in secret*, I know—but they repaired to Paris, and took up their residence there. They did not dwell under the same roof, however, for that would have but illy accorded with the fair one's former position! Bouvais was content to see his young wife, whenever she would come to him—and years passed on.

"The fruit of this union was a daughter, who was quickly spirited away to a southerly and 'more congenial' clime—where she was reared in affluence and luxury, as she should have been, scion as she was of a wealthy father and a noble mother. The world knew nothing of all this, however—nor did the community of Paris know or care who were monsieur and madame, of the 'Place Vandeau!' The lady came and went, at her pleasure, monsieur was happy, and ten years subsequently to his marriage, he found a new friend, among the minor officials of the metropolis. This man was *Andreas Martini*, the Parisian notary!

"He cultivated his friendship, an intimacy grew up between them (for monsieur never knew his rival, as you are aware,) and time passed on, again. The notary knew his secret, however, and the secret of Marie Denoir; but his hour for avenging himself had not yet come! When monsieur had made him his *confidante*, at last, he availed himself of the opportunity to make a beginning; and finally, the will of the old man was made, and after this, a *codicil*—Martini was created his legal attorney and agent, and the future guardian to his legatees. *He died.* This wealthy Bouvais died, soon after executing these important documents, and his last will and testament showed that Marie Denoir was his only legatee. So far—well! Shall I repeat to you, Marie, what followed?"

"Tell me, monsieur, I entreat you, what is the price of your continued silence, and your eternal absence from my roof, henceforth!"

"Shall I repeat to you, Marie, that you never loved monsieur? That you married his *wealth*, not *him?* That you have expended his fortune most recklessly? That your besetting sin is a love of display and extravagant luxury? That your early associations were the fatal cause of this disposition, and that you have no standard of value for money? Shall I remind you how the once indigent Martini appealed to you, after monsieur's decease, and prayed for your hand, again? Or how you again scouted his appeal, and scorned to smile upon his suit? Shall I tell you, Marie Denoir," continued the notary, as his very soul seemed to be leaping out of his sparkling black eye, amid his excitement, "shall I tell you now, *for the last time*, that it is not too late, that you may yet redeem yourself from the false step you would so madly take, that I love you, yet—and that the price of my favor is but the bestowal of your hand in marriage?

"Shall I assure you here, once more, as I now do," and the notary, placing his hand upon his heart, regarded her with a look of the most perfect assurance, as she stood before him, her head bowed, evidently pondering over what she should do in this emergency; "that but one being on earth ever yet commanded my affections, and that being is Marie Denoir! That I would, and will be, silent—with this, and this only—"

"No more, no more, monsieur!" cried madame, at last thoroughly aroused, as she confronted him, her eyes flashing and returning his glance with one of defiance and of scorn. "Up, and depart! My resolution is taken—up, I say, and leave me!"

"Madame!"

"Never, monsieur, will I listen to such a proposal."

"Reflect, Marie!"

"I have—I am resolved. My fortune may be within your power, but my hand is my own. Go, then—do your worst! I defy you. You cannot conquer the will of Marie Denoir! You may persecute her, bruise her, crush her—but you cannot vanquish her pride of spirit. Go! Complete your cursed work—do what you will—I will never be *your* wife, so help me God!"

As madame strode from the room, amid her frenzy, the attorney arose, and with the words "You will repent, Marie Denoir!" departed at once from the mansion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WAY WE GROW OLD.

A broken toy; a task that held away
A yearning child-heart from an hour of play;
A Christmas that no Christmas idols brought;
A tangled lesson, full of tangled thought;
A homesick boy; a senior gowned and wise;
A Glimpse of life, when lo! the curtains rise
Fold over fold,
And hangs the picture, like a boundless sea—
The world, all action and reality—
So we grow old.

A wedding, and a tender wife's caress;
A prattling babe the parent's life to bless;
A home of joys and cares in equal part;
A dreary watching with a heavy heart;
And death's dread angle knocking at the gate,
And hope and courage bidding sorrow wait
Or lose her hold;
A new made grave, and then a brave return
To where the fires of life triumphant burn—
So we grow old.

A fortune and a generous meed of fame,
Or direful ruin and a tarnished name,
A slipping of a week and month and year,
Faster and faster as the close draws near;
A grief of day, and with to-morrow's light,
A pleasure that transforms the sullen night
From lead to gold;
A chilling winter of unchanging storm;
A spring replete with dawns and sunsets warm—
So we grow old.

Old to ourselves, but children yet to be
In the strange cities of eternity.

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 32, Vol 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXIII. (CONTINUED.)

When Mr. Moore, some eight-and-forty hours previously, received a hurried visit from Mrs. Grey's servant, Ann Hopley, at the dusk of evening, and heard what she had to say, he was excessively astonished, not having had the slightest idea that his services would be wanted in any such way at the Maze. It is possible that some doubts of Mrs. Grey's position crossed his mind at the moment: but he was a good man, and he made it a rule never to think ill if he could by possibility think good; and when he came to see Mrs. Grey, he felt sure she was all she should be. The baby was born on the following morning. Since then, the doctor, as Karl expressed it, had been going in at all hours: Ann Hopley invariably preceding him through the maze, and conducting him out of it again at his departure.

Three or four days went on. The doctor passed in and out, and never a notion entered his head that the Maze was tenanted by any save its ordinary inmates, or that one under a ban was lying there in concealment. Ann Hopley, letting her work go how it would, attended on her mistress and the baby; the old gardener was mostly busy in his garden as usual. On the fifth or sixth day, when Mr. Moore paid his morning visit, he found Mrs. Grey worse. There were rather dangerous symptoms of fever.

"Has she been exciting herself?" he privately asked of Ann Hopley.

"She did a little last night, sir," was the incautious admission.

"What about?"

"Well, sir—chiefly talking."

"Chiefly talking!" repeated the doctor. "But what were you about to let her talk? Whatever possessed you to talk to her?"

Ann Hopley was silent. She could have said that it was not with her Mrs. Grey had talked, but with her husband.

"I must send a nurse in," he resumed. "Not only to see that she is kept quiet, but to attend to her constantly. It is not possible that you can be with her always with your housework to do."

But all of this Ann Hopley most strongly combated. She could attend to her mistress, and would, and did attend to her, she urged, and a nurse she would not have in the house. From the first, this question of a nurse had been a bone of contention: the doctor wanting to send one in; Ann Hopley and also Mrs. Grey strenuously objecting. So once more the doctor yielded, and let the matter drop, inwardly resolving that if his patient did not get better during the day, he should take French leave to pursue his own course.

Late in the afternoon he went in again. Mrs. Grey was worse: flushed, restless, and slightly delirious. The doctor said nothing; but when he got home, he sent a summons for Mrs. Chaffen. A skilled nurse, she; and first cousin to the Widow Jinks, both in respect to kin and to love of gossip.

That same evening after dark, when Adam Wynne was sitting in his wife's room, and Ann Hopley was concocting something in a saucepan over the kitchen fire, the gate bell clanged out. It had been nothing unusual to hear it these last few days at any hour; and the woman, putting the saucepan on the hob for safety, went forth, key in hand.

No sooner had she unlocked the gate than Mr. Moore brushed past her, followed by a little thin woman with a bundle. Ann Hopley stared; but never a word said he.

"Keep close to me, and you won't lose yourself," cried he to the little woman; and went tearing off at a double-quick pace through the intricacies of the maze.

Ann Hopley stood like one bewildered. For one thing, she had not possessed the slightest notion that the surgeon knew his way through, for he had given no special indication of it, always having followed her. He could have told her that he had learnt the secret of the maze long before she came to Foxwood. It had been shown to him in old Mr. Throcton's time, whom he had attended for years. And, to see a second person pass in startled her. All she could do was to lock the gate, and follow them.

On went the doctor; the little woman keeping close to his coat-tails; and they were beyond the maze in no time. In, at the open portico, passed he, and made direct for the stairs. Ann Hopley, miles behind, could only pray in agony that her master might escape their view.

But he did not. The doctor had nearly reached the top of the staircase, when a gentleman, tall, and in evening dress, suddenly presented himself in front, apparently looking who it might be, coming up. He drew back instantly, strode noiselessly along the corridor, and disappeared within a door at its extreme end. It all passed in a moment of time. What with the speed, and what with the obscurity of the stairs and passages, any one, less practical than the doctor, might have questioned whether or not it had happened at all.

"That's Mr. Grey, come down," thought he. "But he seems to wish not to be noticed. Be it so."

Had he cared to make any remark upon it to Mr. Grey, he could not, for she was quite delirious that night. And, as he saw no further sign of the gentleman at any subsequent visit, he merely supposed that Mrs. Grey had come down for a few hours and had gone again. And the matter passed from his mind.

It did not so pass from the nurse's. Mrs. Chaffen had distinctly seen the gentleman in evening attire looking down the stairs at her and the doctor; she saw him whisk away, as she phrased it, and go into the further room. In the obscure light, Mrs. Chaffen made him out to be a very fine-looking gentleman with beautiful white teeth. She had keen eyesight and she saw that much: she had also a weakness for fine-looking men, and felt glad that one so fine as this should be in the house. It could not make much difference to her; but she liked gentlemen to be in a dwelling where she might be located; they made it lively, and were pleasant to talk to. Like the doctor, she supposed this was Mrs. Grey's husband, come down at last.

She neither saw nor heard more of the gentleman that night, though she sat up with her patient. Neither did she on the following day—and then she began to think it somewhat odd. At dusk, when Mrs. Grey and the baby were both sleeping, she went downstairs.

Ann Hopley's directions to her had been "Ring for everything you want, and I will bring it up;" her meals also were brought punctually. But nurses are human. Mrs. Chaffen was longing for a word of social gossip, and down stairs she went, and made her way to the kitchen. Ann Hopley was in it, ironing at a table under the window.

"What do you want?" cried she in a quick, startled tone, as the nurse appeared.

"I thought I'd get you to give me a sup o' beer, Mrs. Hopley," was the answer. "I'm a'most faint, stopping so long in that there room with its smell of ether about."

"Why could you not have rung? I'll bring it up to you."

In the very teeth of this plain intimation, Mrs. Chaffen sat herself down on a chair by the ironing board, and began fanning her face with a corner of her white apron. "The missis is asleep," she said: "she's a sight better to-night; and I shall stop here while I drink the beer for a bit of relief and change."

Ann Hopley took a small jug that was hanging on the dresser shelves, went down in the cellar, brought up the beer and poured it into a tumbler. Mrs. Chaffen took a good draught and smacked her lips.

"The baby's in a sweet sleep, he is. I wonder whether he'll get reared?—he's very little. Where's the gentleman?" abruptly inquired Mrs. Chaffen after a pause.

"What gentleman?"

"Mrs. Grey's husband. Him we saw here last night."

If Ann Hopley had been apathetic before, she was fully aroused to interest now, and turned her eyes upon the nurse with a long stare.

"Why what is it that you are talking of?" she asked. "There has been no gentleman here. Mrs. Grey's husband is abroad."

"But I saw him," persisted the nurse. "He stood right at the head of the staircase when me and Doctor Moore was a going up it.

"It was dusk, I grant; a'most dark; but I saw him as plain as plain could be. He had got white teeth, and a suit of black on; and he went off into that door that's at the fur end of the passage."

A keen observer might have detected a sleeping terror in Ann Hopley's eyes: but she was habitually of calm manner and she showed perfect calmness now, knowing how much was at stake. A great deal had all along depended upon her ready presence of mind, her easy equanimity in warding off suspicion: it depended more than ever on her at this trying time, and she had her wits at hand.

"Your eyes and the dusk must have misled you, Mrs. Chaffen," she quietly rejoined.

"Where do that there end door lead to?" questioned Mrs. Chaffen, only half convinced—and that against her will.

"It leads to nowhere. It's a sitting-room. Mrs. Grey does not often use it."

"Well, this beats everything, this do. I'm sure I could have swore that a gentleman was there."

"It was a mistake. Hark! there *is* the baby."

Nurse Chaffen flew up the stairs. Ann Hopley went on with her ironing; her face, now that she was alone, allowing its terror scope.

"It is so foolish of my master to run risks just at this time, when the house is liable to be invaded by strangers!" she ejaculated wearily. "But who was to foresee the doctor would come bursting in like that? Pray Heaven master doesn't do it again awhile that woman is here."

CHAPTER XXIV.

WATCHING THE HOUSE.

Mrs. Jinks's new lodger, Mr. Strange, was making himself at home, not only at Mrs. Jinks's, but in the village generally, and gradually getting familiar with its stories and its politics. Talking with the men at the station one hour, chatting with the field laborers the next; stepping into the shops to buy tobacco, or paper, or lozenges, or what not, and staying a good twenty minutes before he came out again: Mr. Strange was ingratiating himself with the local world.

The reader has not failed to detect that this "Mr. Strange," the name caught up so erroneously by Mrs. Jinks, was in reality the shrewd detective officer sent down from Scotland Yard in search of Philip Salter. His instructions were, not to hurry matters to an abrupt conclusion and so miss his game, but to track out Salter patiently and prudently.

For some time not a trace of any kind could Mr. Strange find of Philip Salter. People with whom he gossipped talked to him without any reserve; he was sure of that; and he would artfully lead the conversation and twist it the way he pleased; but he could hear nothing of any one likely to be Salter. The man might as well never have been within a hundred miles of Foxwood; for the matter of that, he might as well never had existence, for all the trace there was left of him. Scotland Yard, however, was sure that Salter was to be found not far off, and that was enough: Mr. Strange, individually, felt sure of it also.

Knowing what he had been told of the visits of Sir Karl Wynne to Detective Burtenshaw, and their object, Mr. Strange's attention was especially directed to Foxwood Court. Before he had been three days in the place, he had won the heart of Giles the footman (much at liberty just then, through the temporary absence of his master and mistress) and treated him to five glasses of best ale at different times at different public houses. Giles, knowing no reason for reticence, freely described all he knew about Foxwood Court: the number of inmates, their names, their duties, their persons, and all the rest of it. Not the least idea penetrated his brain that the gentleman had any motive for listening to the details, save the whiling away of some of the day's idle hours. There was certainly no one at the Court that could be at all identified with the missing man; and, so far, Mr. Strange had lost his time and his ale money. Of course he put questions as to Sir Karl's movements—where he went to in the day, what calls he made, and what he did. But Giles could give no information that was available.

In short—from what he could gather from Giles and others, there was no one whatever in or about Foxwood, then or in time past, that all answered to Philip Salter. He heard Mr. Smith spoken of —"Smith the agent, an old friend of the Wynne family"—but it did not once occur to him to attempt to identify him with the criminal. Smith the agent (whom by the way Mr. Strange had not chanced to see) was living openly in the place, going about amid the tenants on the estate, appearing at church, altogether transacting his business and pursuing his course without concealment: that is not how Salter would have dared to live, and the detective did not give Smith a suspicious thought. No; wherever Salter might be he was evidently in strict concealment; and it must be Mr. Strange's business to hunt him out of it.

A clue—or what he thought a clue—arose at last.

It arose, too, out of a slight misfortune that happened to himself. Entering the house one evening at dusk before the passage lamp was lighted, he chanced to put his foot into a tray of wine-glasses, that the young maid had incautiously placed on the floor outside the parlor-door. In trying to dart back and save the glasses, Mr. Strange slipped, went down with his right hand upon the tray, broke a glass or two, and cut his hand in three or four places. Miss Blake was there at the time, helping to catechise some young children; she felt really sorry for the mishap, and kindly went upstairs to the drawing-room to see its extent. The hand was in a bowl of warm water, and Mrs. Jinks was searching for linen to bind it up.

"Why do you put it into water, Mr. Strange?" she asked. "It will make it bleed all the more."

"Some bits of glass may have got in," he replied.

"Will you have Mr. Moore?"

But he laughed at the notion of sending for a doctor to cut fingers, and he bound up the hand himself, saying it would be all right. The next day, in the afternoon, Miss Blake made her appearance in his room to inquire how the damage was progressing, and found Mrs. Jinks in the act of assisting him to dress it with some precious ointment that she vowed was better than gold, and would not fail to heal the cuts in a day or two.

Miss Blake had previously a speaking acquaintanceship with Mr. Strange, having often met him going in and out. She sat down; and the three were chatting amicably when they were pounced in upon by little Mrs. Chaffen. Happening to call in to see her cousin and hearing from the maid downstairs what Mrs. Jinks was then engaged upon—dressing the gentleman's hand—the nurse ran up to offer her more experienced services.

She took the hand out of Mrs. Jinks' into her own, and dressed it and bound it up as well as Mr. Moore himself could have done. It was nearly over when, by a curious coincidence—curious, considering what was to come of it—the conversation turned upon *ghosts*. Upon ghosts, of all things in the world! Some noise had been heard in the house the previous night by all the inmates—which noise had not been in any way accounted for. It was like the falling down of a piece of heavy furniture. It had awoke Mr. Cattacomb; it had awoke Mrs. Jinks; it had startled Mr. Strange, who was not asleep. The history of this was being given to Miss Blake, Mr. Strange gravely asserting that it could have been nothing but a ghost—and that set Mrs. Chaffen on. She proceeded to tell them with real gravity, not assumed, that she did believe a ghost, in the shape of a gentleman in dinner dress, haunted the Maze: or else that her eyes were taking to see visions.

It should be mentioned that after a week's attendance on Mrs. Grey, Nurse Chaffen had been discharged. The patient was then going on quite well: and, as Mr. Moore saw that it worried her to have the nurse there—for whom she seemed to have conceived an insurmountable dislike—he took her away. The summary dismissal did not please the nurse: and she revenged herself by reporting that the Maze had got a ghost in it. As a rule, people laughed at her and thought no more about it: this afternoon her tale was to bear different fruit.

She told it consecutively. How she had been quite flurried by being called out by Dr. Moore all on a sudden; how he had taken her straight off to the Maze without saying where she was going till she got to the gate; how she and the doctor had seen the gentleman at the top of the stairs (which she took it to be the sick lady's husband) and watched him vanish into an end room, and had never seen the least sign of him afterwards; how the servant, Mrs. Hopley, had vowed through thick and thin that no gentleman was, or had been, or could have been in the house, unbeknown to her and Hopley.

"A tall gentleman with dark hair, you say it looked like?" questioned Mr. Strange indifferently.

"Tall for certain, sir. As to his hair, I don't know; it might have been darkish. I saw he had nice white teeth."

"Salter had good teeth," was the mental comment of the detective. "*I have found him.*"

"And in dinner dress?" added Miss Blake, with a cough.

"So it looked like, ma'am. The sort of coat that gentle folks wear."

"And you mean to say you never see him after; never but that there one time?" interposed Widow Jenks.

"Never at all. The rooms was all open to daylight while I was there, but he wasn't in never a one of 'em."

"Then I tell you what, Betsy Chaffen; it was a ghost, and you need not hesitate to say it."

"Well, you see he didn't look like a ghost, but like an ordinary gentleman," confessed Mrs. Chaffen. "What came over me was, Ann Hopley's standing it out that neither ghost nor gentleman was there: she said she'd take her oath to it."

"Thank you, you've done my hand up beautifully, Mrs. Chaffen."

The Widow Jinks had a surprise that night. Mr. Strange, hitherto so quiet and well conducted, asked for the latch-key! She could not forbear a caution as she gave it him; not to stay out too late on account of his health. He laughed pleasantly in answer; saying he expected a friend down by the last train from London, and might stay out late with him.

But he never went near the station, and he met no friend. Keeping as much in the shades of night as the very bright moon allowed him to do, Mr. Strange arrived by a roundabout way at the gate of the Maze, and let himself in with a master-key.

He got through the maze; he regarded the house from all points; he penetrated to the outer path or circle, and went round and round it; he made, so to say, the outer premises his own. Then he went through the maze to the house again.

It lay quietly steeped in the moonlight. He stood back over the lawn against the laurel trees that were beyond the flower beds, and gazed at it. In one of the rooms a night-light was burning faintly, and he fancied he could hear the continuous wail of an infant. To make sure whether it was so, or not—though in truth it mattered not to him, and was a very probable thing to happen—he stood forward a little on the lawn; but as that brought him into the moonlight, he retreated into the shade again. Most of the windows had blinds or curtains drawn before them; the only one that had none was the casement over the portico. Mr. Strange stood there as if rooted to the spot, making his silent observations.

"Yes; that's where my gentleman is lying concealed, safe enough! Safe enough as *he* thinks. There may be some difficulty in as safely unearthing him. He'd not dare to be here without facilities for guarding against surprise and for getting away on the first sound of the alarm bugle. This is a queer old house: there may be all kinds of hiding places in it. I must go to work cautiously, and it may be a long job."

The moon was beginning to wane when the detective officer with his false key got out again: and he thought he had his work tolerably well cut out to his hand.

The faint wailing had not been fancy. For the first week or two of the child's life it had seemed to thrive well, small though it was; but, after that, it began to be a little delicate, and would sometimes wail as though in pain. On this night the child—who slept with its mother—woke up and began its wail. Ann Hopley, whom the slightest noise awoke, hearing that her mistress did not seem to be able to soothe it left her own bed to try and do so. Presently, in going to fetch some medicine, she had to pass the casement window in the passage; the one that was uncurtained. The exceeding beauty of the night struck her, and she paused to look upon it, the old black shawl she had thrown on being drawn closely round her. The grass shone in the moonlight; some of the leaves of the laurels flickered white in its rays. At the self-same moment, as the woman looked, some movement directed her attention to these very laurels: and to her utter horror she saw a man standing there, apparently watching the house.

The sickness of intense fear seized upon her as she drew aside—but the black shawl and the small diamond panes of the casement window had prevented her from being observed. Her first impulse was to rush on through the passages and arouse Sir Adam Wynne. Her second impulse was to wait and watch. She remembered her master's most dangerous fiery temperament, and the pistols he kept always loaded. This intruding man might be but some wretched night marauder, who had stolen in after the fruit. Watching there, she saw him go round in the direction of the fruit-trees, and concluded that her surmise was correct.

So she held her tongue to her master and mistress. The latter she would not alarm; the former she dared not, lest another night he should take up his stand at the window, pistol in hand.

This same day, upon going to the gate to answer a ring, she found herself confronted by a strange gentleman, who said he had called, hearing the house was to let, and wishing to look at it. Ann Hopley thought this rather strange. She assured him it was a mistake: that the house was not to let, that Mrs. Grey had no intention of leaving. When he rather pressed to go in and look at the house, "in case it should be to let later," she persisted in denying him admittance, urging her mistress' present sick state as a reason for keeping out all visitors.

The stranger stepped back from the gate to take his departure. In manner he was a very pleasant man, and his questions had been put with easy courtesy.

"Thank you; yes, that may be the best plan. Good morning," he added, taking off his hat with something of French civility.

"Don't think she is to be bribed," thought he as he walked away. "At least not easily. Perhaps I may in time work my way on it."

Ann Hopley, locking the gate with double strength—at least, in imagination—pushed through the maze without well knowing whether she was on her head or her heels, so entirely had terror overtaken her. In the height and shape of this man, who had been thus questioning her, she fancied she traced a resemblance to the one who was watching the house in the night. What if they were the same?

"The end is coming!" she murmured, clasping her faithful hands. "As sure as my poor master is alive, the end is coming."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CENTENNIALIS SENTENTIÆ.

NUMBER II.

Pennsylvanians at Long Island.

BY W. R. BIERLY.

The year of our nation's centenary has come in, tossing on its crest many fond stories and crumbs of personal history which had been embosomed in the great deep of the past. We love to dwell upon them. Some savor of the incredible, though well-authenticated, others have their origin in partial views of the facts on perverse intents. To the latter belong relations which adversely affect the honor of leaders and Commonwealths.

It is singular that, sometimes, good, brave and patriotic persons suffer at the hands of history for centuries, but it is so. Their motives are misunderstood or purposely misconstrued. That it needs no traveling outside our own Commonwealth for examples, must be evident to him who has read the history of this country, and will daily appear to an observer of the newspaper efforts to make history. Pennsylvania never did receive her due. Her great men have been unworthily assailed or dismissed without a fitting tribute to their nobleness. Even her soldiery, her militia, have been misrepresented and slighted.

Is it not opportune, while recalling the past, to set this matter right before the world? Aye, let those brave associators who rallied so nobly, in the spring time of 1776, when the prayer for aid came by foaming expresses from the north, have their dues, and let the tongue be palsied that dares to repeat again that they were cowards and of little account. It is not pleasant to reflect that stories are circulated by press and orators, to the detriment of Pennsylvania's sons, her brave General Thomas Mifflin and other heroes, but it is a satisfaction to vindicate their honor and valor, without dragging down the sons of other States.

The zeal evinced for the war of Independence, by Pennsylvania, has been seen in the untiring energy which prevailed in all departments and every county of the province. The despatch with which the raw militia were formed into battalions and hurried forward to New York in the spring months of 1776, was not excelled by the alacrity of any other province. It was only when Washington, disheartened and almost deserted, struck the western shore of the Delaware in the following December, that the State excelled herself in the exertion to succor him.

At New York the Pennsylvania troops were mostly employed on the fortifications and in scouting, until the latter part of August, and they had neither dangerous or very difficult work, so that they enjoyed camp life as soldiers will. The fine Philadelphia troops especially indulged in gayety, and this has now been raked up to their scandal, by enterprising individuals. However, it may be well to remember that the best officers in the army at that time agreed in testifying that there were no finer troops in the field. In fact, among their number were some of the first citizens of Philadelphia, as we learn on the authority of General Reed and others. Intimately connected with these were the Delaware battalion of Colonel Hazlitt, and the Maryland regiment of Colonel Smalwood. The latter were arrayed in gay uniforms and were conspicuous for their soldierly bearing, though it is said they did not like to work, and their seeming frivolity in camp gave offense to the plain-garbed militia of New England, who believed in praying when not fighting, and discarded all levity. The Marylanders soon won the title of "Macaronies" from the Eastern troops, and it was predicted they would run away ignominiously. But, as will appear, this prophecy lacked the stuffing of truth.

On the morning of August 22, 1776, Sir William Howe's "red-coats" were landed at Gravesend, from the fleet of Sir William's aquatic brother, and the ball was opened by Colonel Miles' Pennsylvania Riflemen, who had been posted in that neighborhood. After some brisk firing the little band was forced to retire, but the stubborn "boys" in lavender homespun chose a strong position on Gowanus' Heights, commanding the approaches, where they threw up works. Whilst the tardy British were preparing to advance the heights were occupied to advantage by other Pennsylvanians under Colonel Edward Hand, afterwards General, Colonels Magaw and Shee, and the Delawarians and Marylanders. Those heights they guarded well. At Brooklyn was Green's detachment of the Revolutionary army, commanded by Sullivan, Greene himself being confined to bed in New York, where the rest of the army was still held in uncertainty. Sullivan was not well acquainted with the dispositions and the nature of the ground where the battle was now to be fought, and from some cause failed to learn that there was an important pass east of the position held by the Pennsylvanians, which commanded the field. This proved fatal, for the British, in their six days' spying and getting ready, discovered this pass. They had been made cautious by the affair at Bunker Hill.

Through the morning fog of the 28th of August, the invaders beat forward in three columns, Grant with the left, moving up along the Narrows; De Hiester with the Hessians, taking the central route towards the position of Miles and Hand, whilst Sir Henry Clinton filed off to the right, to try the pass.

When the columns of Grant and Hiester came up to easy range, the Pennsylvanians brought them to a halt with a murderous salute. The wavering line of the Hessians was reformed and advanced again, but was again thrown into confusion and compelled to draw back and post artillery. Grant fared no better, and thus two-thirds of that proud army of veterans was successfully held at bay by a handful of undrilled citizen soldiers.

But of what avail was the gallant stand of these valiant men, whose strength was patriotism rather than discipline? Soon the solitary, ominous boom of Sir Henry's signal gun told his comrades that the key to the position was safe within his grasp. What knew Miles or Hand of this? Eagerly pressing back the hirelings below, they suspected nothing, and before they could realize their peril, Sir Henry had cut off their retreat. Then followed an unequal fight which should have spared for the Pennsylvanian militia the charge of cowardice, afterwards flippantly made by their enemies. Surrounded by overwhelming numbers of well-appointed veterans, these poor boys and men fought with a desperation that entitles them to garlands of lasting fame. Few surrendered. They sought the shelter of the woods, from which they sent out beaded balls that proved the quietus of many a Briton. About one-half of that Spartan band succeeded in cutting through the enemy's lines, and made their way to Brooklyn. The other Pennsylvanians and their friends fought with equal courage against great odds, though their ranks were sadly thinned by the ruin which had broken through the unguarded pass. The "Macaronies" proved equal to veterans, and formed again and again, as fresh columns were whirled at them, but they suffered terribly in losses. Some of the Pennsylvanians were captured and afterwards suffered the horrors of British prison-ships. General Sullivan himself was taken, in the haste and confusion of bringing up aid. The Americans lost heavily, though the British suffered most in the early part of the conflict. The former were forced within the works at Brooklyn, having lost some of their best men, through a failure to properly support and protect their flanks.

The 29th of August proved a foggy day, and the British entrenched so near the American works that the sound of picks could be heard by both armies from their outposts. On the night of the 29th, Washington wisely withdrew the whole army to New York. The perilous and responsible duty of covering this momentous movement was assigned to General Mifflin of Pennsylvania, whom Washington called down from the forts on the Hudson. Mifflin was cool, brave and fully alive to the gravity of the situation. It was the duty of his Pennsylvania militia to hold every out work within pistol shot of the enemy, and keep up the appearance of further entrenching, until the last man was embarked, then withdraw as best he could. Only soldiers can know what a risk they had accepted. The men worked and preserved a bold front. Before all the other troops had got into the boats, Lieutenant Scammel, Washington's aid, who had been sent back to hurry the laggards forward, gave his order to General Mifflin to retire. Not suspecting any mistake, General Mifflin quietly and expeditiously withdrew his troops. When he met Washington, the latter was astounded and exclaimed painfully: "General Mifflin, I fear you have ruined us by withdrawing so unseasonably." Mifflin responded fiercely: "I did it by your orders, sir." A few sharp words followed, then an explanation, which made plain Scammel's mistake, and Mifflin marched his courageous men back again to their posts, which they held until all had embarked, when they came off in the best order.

This conduct of the brave Mifflin and his militia, elicited high praise from some of the worthiest officers of the army, and should make their memory sacred to every true American.

This is the history of the battle of Long Island, supported by official documents. It must not be forgotten that Pennsylvanians stood sacrifices in the beginning, the middle and the end of it, and if it did prove a terrible blunder and disaster, these things came through no fault of theirs. The world may safely be challenged to produce a brighter record for gallantry and devotion than the Pennsylvanians and their neighbors evinced in that bloody conflict and marvelous escape. Let nothing be said in derogation from the merits of other brave men, but let Pennsylvania now have her due honor, a jewel which designing hands have, for a century past, been snatching from her, on every side.

WHAT we do for ourselves, will soon be forgotten; what we do for others, may be the vision to cheer the soul when the eye can no longer behold the loved ones.

POWER OF THE HAND.

It may be going too far to say that man may judge the character of his fellow man by the manner in which he "shakes hands." But there is certainly a significance in those busy members of the body which "he who runs may read." The creator of "Uriah Heep" has taught us not to trust the owners of limp, moist hands, which close cordially on nothing save their own possessions. Says a commentator on this subject: "It is the touch of the hand at greeting which warms or chills my heart, and makes me know to a certainty how much or how little I shall like the person before me. If the fingers close about my own with a short, quick, convulsive grasp, I know that he should snap, snarl, and finally quarrel, and that the least I have to do with the owner of those wiry digits, the better off I shall be. If a nervous, cold hand glides into my own, and seems disposed to lie there, without life, I know at once that all my happiness would be as nothing in that awful palm." But if the hand grasps yours and holds it firmly, in strong, warm fingers, you are safe in cultivating the friendship of the owner. These human hands! From the beginning of life they play an important part.

All the greatness on earth has laid in the hollow of a hand. The books, the music, the pictures, the wonders of architecture, the intricacies of mechanism, the mysteries of science and the government of countries, with all their god-like beauties of color, sound, symmetry, usefulness, progression and wisdom, have lain within a human hand. The highest aspirations and realizations of the brain are brought to light through the hand, and the tenderest love and charity of the heart make the hand their dispensator. They can be tender ministers of comfort and peace, and yet as cruel and full of venom as the bite of an asp. And with all their power, with their charities, their cruelties, their tender touches, their mischief—they are folded at last, and those who speak of us, tell of the closing of eyes and the folding of hands as the part of our going away.

WHERE THERE IS A WEAKNESS OF THE THROAT OR LUNGS, a neglected cold may be all that is required to establish a lingering and fatal disease. Even where there is no special tendency to Bronchial or Pulmonary trouble, a severe Cold, left to take care of itself, often plants the seeds of a serious complaint, sure to be developed by subsequent indiscretions. Take especial care of your health, therefore, from the very earliest symptoms of a Cough or Cold, by prudently resorting to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will soothe and strengthen the bronchial tubes, allay inflammation, and cleanse them and the lungs of all irritating substances. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

FACETIÆ.

A Reason for Calling.—Visitor, naively: "Well, I certainly never dreamt I should find you at home on such a lovely afternoon as this!"

"Ah, doctor, I'm out again—let me thank you, my dear fellow." Doctor—"But, nonsense, I never came to see you while you were ill." "Well, that's why I'm thanking you." Exit the doctor.

Unsatisfactory.—Anxious lover: "Does your sister Annie ever say anything about me, sissy?" Sissy: "Yes; she said if you had rockers on your shoes, they'd make such a nice cradle for my doll."

"Zephaniah," said his wife, with a chilling severity, "I saw you coming out of a public-house this afternoon." "Well, my darling," replied the heartless man, "you wouldn't have your husband staying in a public-house all day, would you?"

Visitor—"Can I see Dr. Jones?" Servant—"No, sir; he is not at home, sir." Visitor—"Could I see see his-er deputy?" Servant—"Please, sir, you'd better wait till master comes home, as I don't know where it is, and he don't like his things meddled with."

A Milkman was lately seeking the aid of the police to trace the whereabouts of a family who had left the neighborhood, owing him eighteen shillings. "Well, I suppose there were nine shillings worth of water in that milk account," remarked the inspector. "That's where it galls me—that's where it hurts!" replied the dealer. "They were new customers, and I hadn't commenced to water the milk yet!"

"Every man," said Mark Lemon one evening at his club, "has his peculiarities, though I think I am as free from them as most men—at any rate I don't know what they are." Nobody contradicted the editor of Punch, but after awhile Albert Smith asked, "Which hand do you shave with, uncle?" "With my right hand," replied Lemon. "Ah," returned the other, "that's your peculiarity; most people shave with a razor."

"And you think, darling, you could be contented to share my humble lot and live in a quiet way with love and me?" queried the blissful lover, as he looked fondly into her translucent blue eyes. "Why, yes, precious, you have no idea how economical I am. Pa gave me $100 last week to buy a new silk, and I saved enough out of it to purchase four pairs of six-buttoned kids!" The last heard of that young man, his doctor had ordered him to the Black Hills for his health.

English Chaff.—On the road to Epsom, a moustached youth, on the top of a drag, evidently ambitious of being mistaken for "an officer," thus saluted a fat coachman, who was gravely driving his master and family: "Hallos, you sir! where's your shirt collar? How dare you come to the Derby without a shirt collar?" Jehu growled forth, without lifting his eyes from his horses. "'Ow the doose could I have a shirt collar when your mother has not sent home my washing?"

Mr. Peduncle and His Cow.—Mr. Peduncle went out to milk, the other day. Now, if there is one thing Mr. Peduncle prides himself upon, it is his perfect command of a cow. With his bucket on the ground he milks with both hands, and sings meanwhile, occasionally bestowing a word of warning upon the cow if she winks her tail at him, or tries to scratch her back with her hind foot. On this occasion he had nearly finished and was singing cheerfully:

"My soul (so now!) be on thy guard.
(What in the Egyptian sand-hills ails this cow?)"
"Ten thousand (thunder and borax! stand still!) foes arise"—

And as Mr. Peduncle raised himself up from the barn floor and wiped the milk out of his ears and nose, he saw up in the loft the wife of his bosom with a long switch in her hand, with which she had been tickling the gentle animal's nose, and she said in an awful voice:

"Oliver Peduncle, I reckon you'll wrap your old tobacco box in my handkerchief again next Sunday, won't ye?—and have me take it to church and sling it out on the floor—hey?"

When he milks now, Mr. Peduncle sings very softly, indeed, and keeps one eye on the loft.—*Chicago Courier.*

ENGLISH MANUFACTURIES.

Chimneys two or three hundred feet in height to carry away the smoke over the neighboring houses and disperse it among the clouds, is the type of a manufacturing town in England. There are upwards of a thousand such chimneys in Manchester alone; and the middle counties of England are so thickly studded with them that you may travel forty or fifty miles without losing sight of them, and not unfrequently in districts apparently agricultural. The impression conveyed to the mind by the sight of these tall smoke pipes, is that of unremitting industry. Perhaps it may be nearer the truth to call it drudgery: for though not drudgery to all, and the source of wealth to some, and comfort to many, it is work to which there is no intermission and no holiday to those most actively engaged in it. In the morning early, all get up, wearily, reluctantly, the wheel begins to move, and each individual takes his place and works till breakfast. The breakfast over they all return to their accustomed places; the din and bustle continues till noon, when they cease their labor for the mid-day meal. The usual hour for dinner over, they all return, and run their accustomed race until the shrill whistle proclaims that the days labors are completed.

Few consider that enjoyment as well as labor must have its moments of rest.

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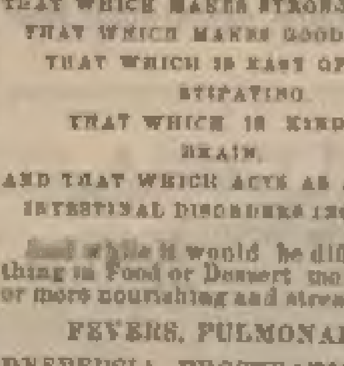

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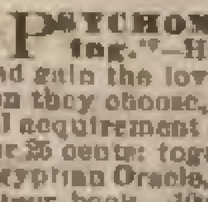

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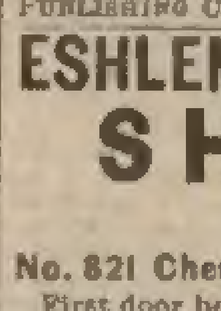

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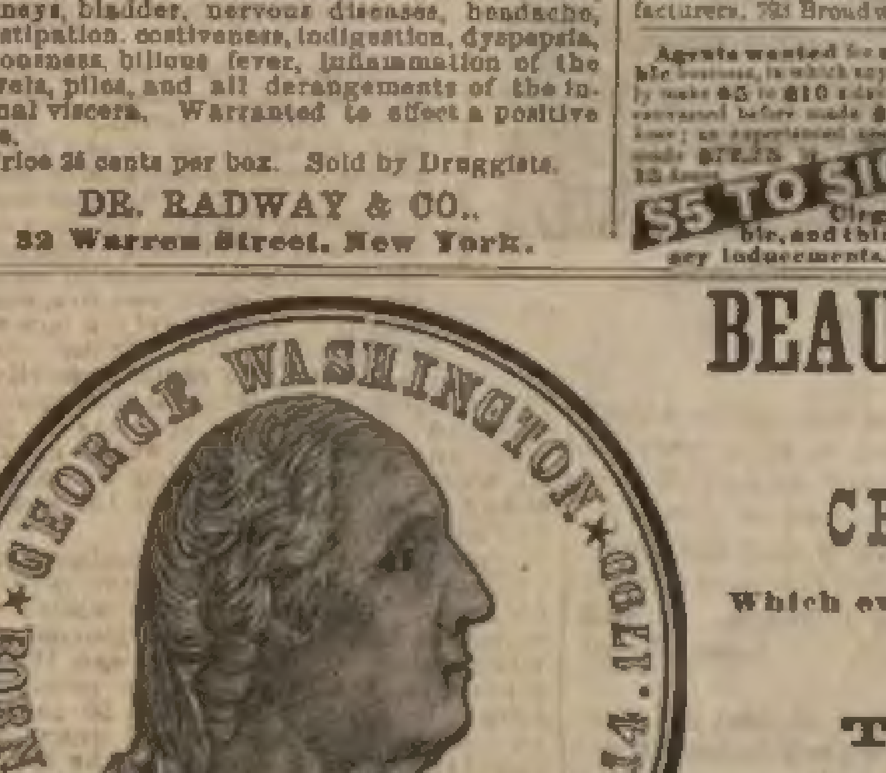
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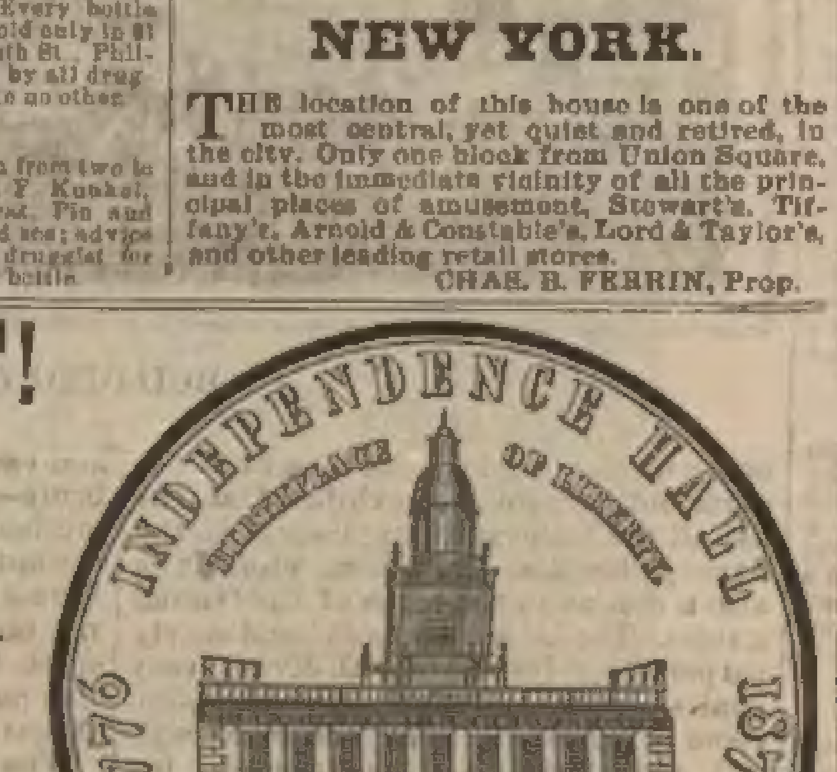

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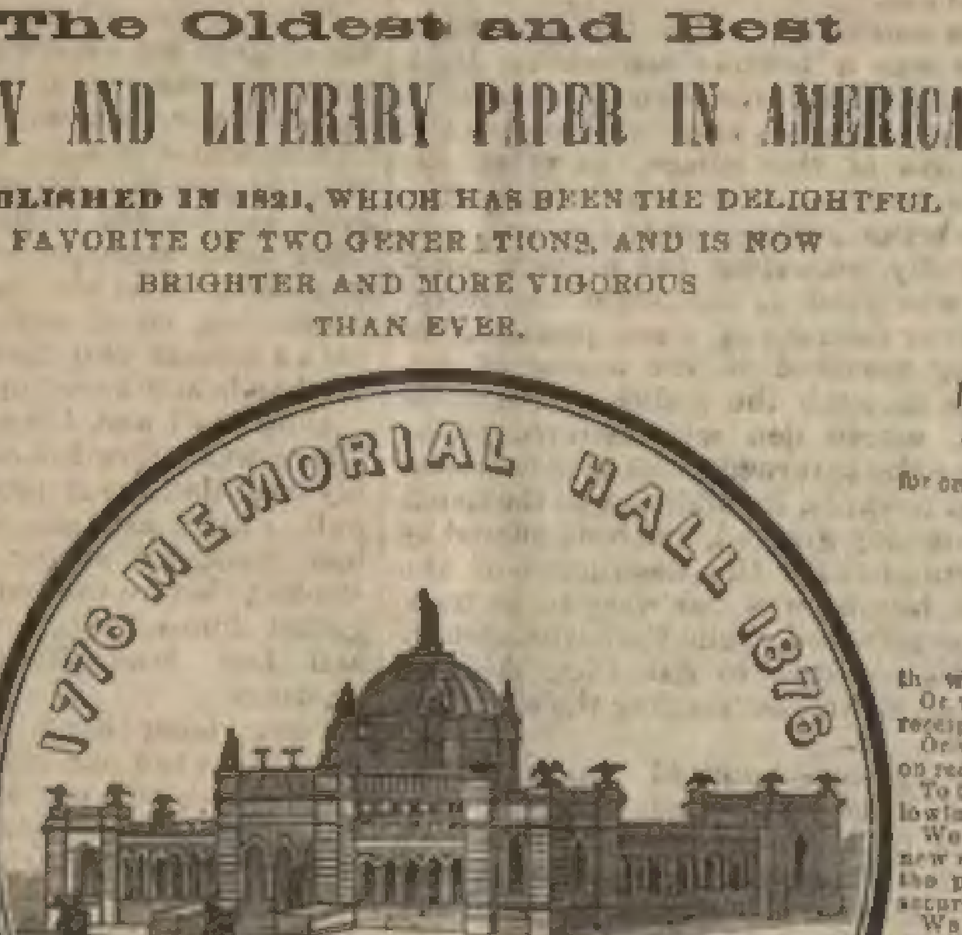
and its most striking feature, our imposing

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION,

and are every way worthy the occasion. They will be cherished by their fortunate possessors in after years, and be handed down as heirlooms, to be brought out as treasures at the next Centenary. Many to whom we have shown them considered one dollar each a small price, and we could have disposed of many at that figure. The price for them, however, is twenty-five cents each, or $1 for the whole set. They are made by the Ornamental Wood Company of Philadelphia, with special machinery for the purpose, being struck out of solid wood under immense hydraulic pressure—hence the low price for so fine a production—and they are thus real curiosities, as the figures stand out in bold relief.



WE GIVE AS

A Centennial Present

THE WHOLE SET OF SIX MEDALLIONS to every new subscriber to

The Saturday Evening Post,

according to the terms given below, and have the exclusive use of them for this purpose. This paper, which is already well known throughout the United States and Canada, is the

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper

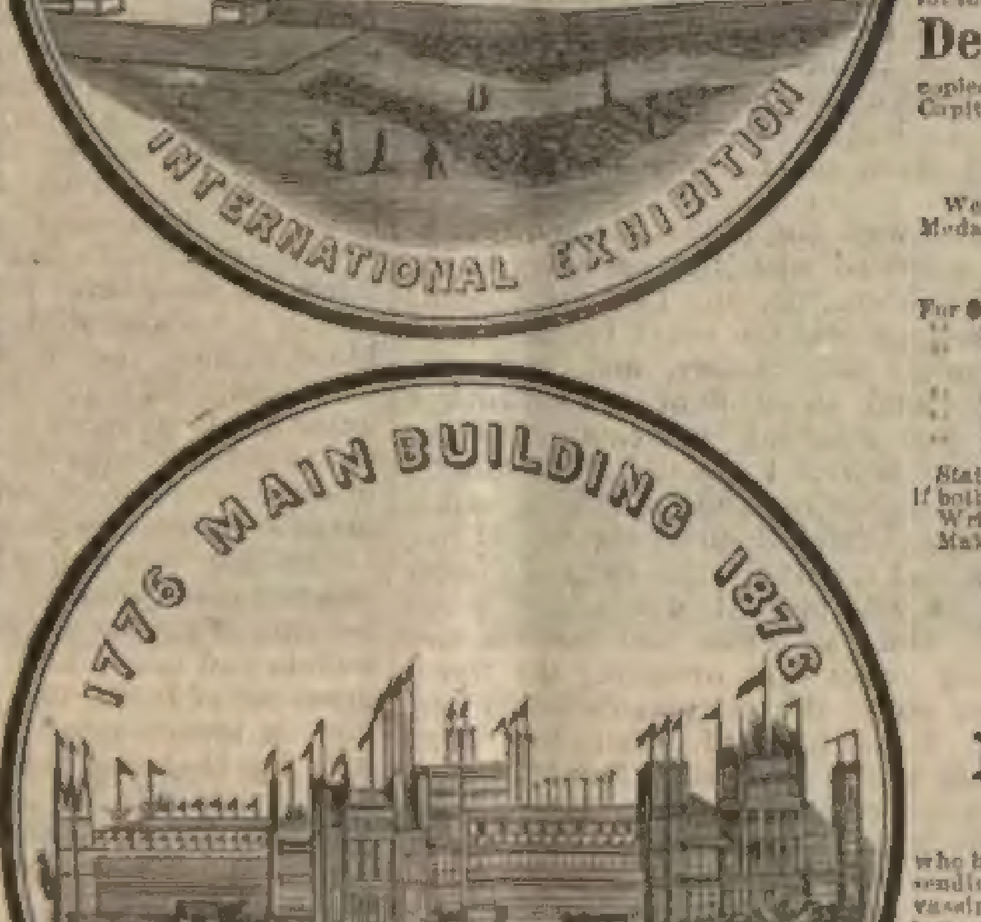
In America. It was established in Philadelphia, Aug. 4, 1821, and has never missed its regular weekly issue from that day to the present. During this whole period it has maintained its place in the front rank as a most welcome and entertaining visitor, safe instructor, and highly prized friend of old and young. [illegible] This year a special feature is made of

Centennial News,

with illustrations of prominent buildings and other notable objects connected with the Exposition. Its contributors will continue to be the best which money can secure, in this country and in Europe, and no effort will be spared by

Its New Proprietors

to maintain and advance its high standard. While it is believed to be the best as well as largest paper of its class published, it is yet the cheapest in price. Until recently the price has been $2.50 per year, but we now offer to send



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

for one year, together with the

CENTENNIAL PRESENT
OF THE
SIX MEDALLIONS,

the whole postage paid by us, on receipt of $2.50.

Or we will send TWO MEDALLIONS and the paper for six months on receipt of $1.25.

Or we will send ONE MEDALLION and the paper for three months on receipt of 75 cents.

To those who are already subscribers to this paper, we make the following offer:

We will send, post-paid, ONE of the MEDALLIONS for each new subscriber for one year which you may obtain, this is in addition to the present to the subscriber. In this way you can without difficulty secure the whole set.

We have yet remaining some of the beautiful Chromos made specially for this paper, entitled

De Soto Discovering the Mississippi

copied by special permission of the Government from the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

For $3.00

We will send the SATURDAY EVENING POST for One Year, the Six Medallions, and the Chromo mounted for framing, all post-paid.

RECAPITULATION OF TERMS.

For $3.00, the POST 1 year, 6 Medallions, and mounted Chromo.
" 2.50, the POST 1 year and 6 Medallions, or the mounted Chromo.
" 1.25, the POST 6 months and two Medallions, or unmounted Chromo, as the subscriber may choose.
" .75, the POST 3 months and one medallion.
" 2.00, the POST for One Year.
" 1.00, the POST for 6 months.

State particularly whether the Chromo or the medallions are wanted, if both are not taken.

Write your name, Post Office, and STATE very plainly.

Make checks or money orders payable to our order. Address

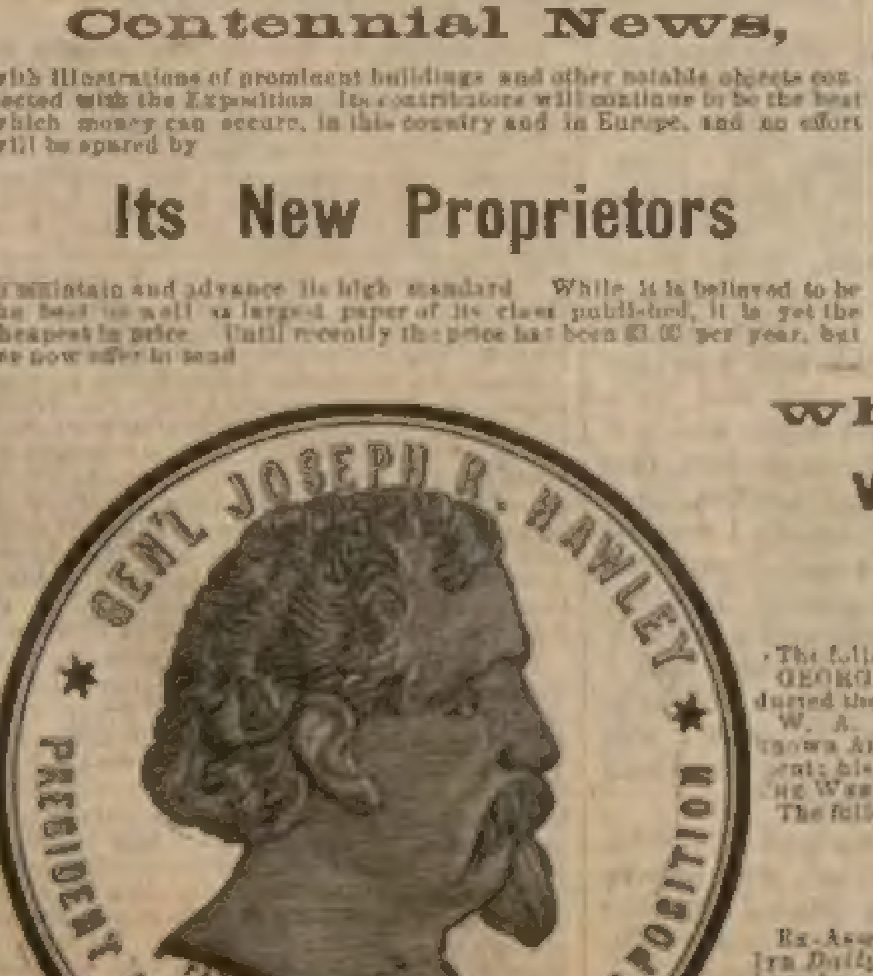
BENNETT & FITCH,
Publishers of Saturday Evening Post,
726 SANSOM ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ladies and Gentlemen,
BOYS AND GIRLS,

who have the time, or will take it, to earn good wages, can do so by sending $2.50 for sample and outfit and terms to agents, and then canvassing for subscribers. We want a good *Resident Agent* in every township and district in the United States, and will pay them well. Address as above.
BENNETT & FITCH.

The following extracts from letters, the originals of which are in our office, show what our subscribers think of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. We could fill this page with similar notes:

"Have been a constant subscriber to the POST for twenty years, and if improvement is as marked in future as under your management, will be a life subscriber."—Wm. Buchanan, Prattsburgh, N. Y. —— "I have ever esteemed the POST for its purity."—Mrs. Mary E. Kail, Leesville, Ohio. —— "This will make about fifty years I have been a constant subscriber."—Jos. Corey, Almond, N. Y. —— "I have taken the SATURDAY EVENING POST for fifteen years. Although 70 years old, I feel as anxious every week for the arrival of my dear old friend as [illegible]" —— "I have been reading it ever since [illegible] first number was published."—Mrs. John G. Angela, New Town, Md.



Who are Bennett & Fitch?

Will They Do What They Promise?

Is it Safe to Send Them Money?

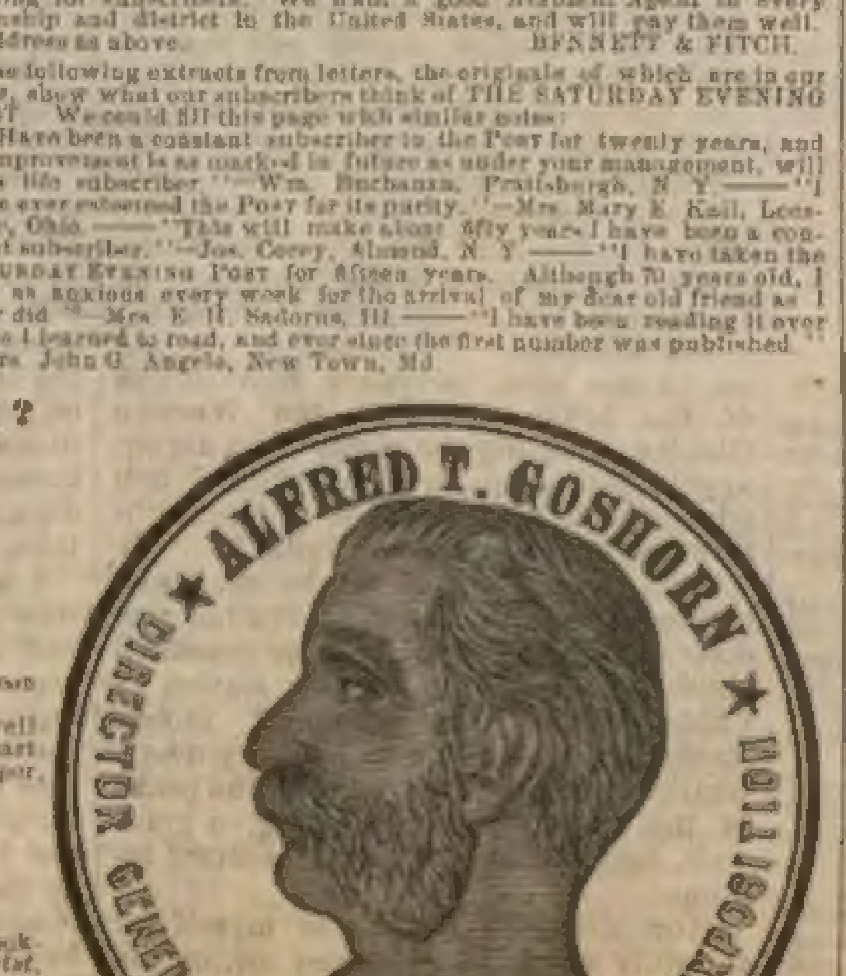
The following are answers to these very natural and proper questions. GEORGE C. BENNETT, one of the publishers, founded and for twenty-seven years was [illegible] of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Daily Times, and Mr. W. A. FITCH, the other publisher, was for fourteen years connected with the well-known American Agriculturist, [illegible] of the Weekly Sun.

The following are selected from many similar voluntary notices.

Old Hands on an Old Journal.

[illegible]—*New York Tribune.*

[illegible]—*New York Evening Post.*


ALFRED T. GOSHORN
DIRECTOR GENERAL U.S. INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

FASHION NOTES.

As the warm season advances, the demand for lighter costumes naturally increases. Large stocks of linens—plain and striped—linen lawns, ginghams, and sheer muslins fill our shop windows, and one modiste seems to vie with another in making tasteful toilettes of these cool and summery fabrics. We call attention first to the

SCOTCH GINGHAMS,

Shown in large plaids and also in fine checks. Those in the large plaids or blocks resemble foulard silks, and are often worn as overdresses with silk underskirts. The leading colors in these goods are shades of brown and blue. Next in popularity come

THE STRIPED LINENS.

These goods are shown in cream-colored grounds, striped with brown, blue, and even fine hair stripes of cardinal color. When made up in polonaise form and trimmed with linen lace to match the ground color, they are very pretty, and also serviceable.

THE SHEER LAWNS,

Either plain, colored, or in stripes, alternating with bands of gay flowered pattern, will, a little later, be more generally worn. It is early yet to don these fabrics—suitable for the midsummer heat—but as many costumes of them are being prepared for such time as they will be needed, we will give a few hints as to the general mode of making them.

Deep overskirts and basques will be the leading style in such. The overskirt is edged with a knife-pleated frill, or else simply hemmed. The basque is half tight-fitting, cuirass shape, and is either plainly corded on the edge, or has a knife-pleated ruffle to correspond with the overskirt. Some of these lawns have black stripes alternating with the gay-colored stripe referred to, and when worn over black silk underskirts are quite effective.

A novel method of finishing the bottom of overskirts in silk, or pongee, or any goods of such thickness, is to cut up the bottom of the front and sides in strips of two inches in width, or wider, if preferred—and about five inches in depth. The sides and bottom of these strips is then turned in and overcast, and the effect is very good.

BERNANI SUITS

Are being made with the polonaise, and also the basque and overskirt. The trimming preferred for such suits is fine knife-pleatings and also Spanish lace. It is almost indispensable that a lady should possess one, at least, of these suits. The plain bernani is returning to favor, although the striped and plaided bernanis are still combined with the plain in the making of suits.

A LINEN COSTUME,

With cream-colored ground and pale, brown stripes, was made with a knife-pleated flounce six inches deep at the bottom of the skirt, a bias fold of linen above it, edged on each side with linen lace two and a half inches wide.

The overskirt had the peculiar feature of being open down the front, and also partly down the back. It was long, and edged all around the bottom and up the front with a knife-pleated ruffle four inches deep. Loops of brown ribbon caught the fronts together at regular intervals, and the same linen lace, of a cream tint, which trimmed the bias fold on the underskirt, was carried in a sort of jabot form down between the loops of ribbon.

The basque was a simple cuirass, with long seams from the shoulder. The linen lace, headed by a narrow bias fold, edged the basque. Loops of brown ribbon close the front, and the linen lace forms a jabot to that down the front of the skirt. A double ruffle of the lace, divided by a bias fold, trims the sleeve at the wrist.

A hat to accompany this simple and charming suit was of rough, yellow straw, capote shape, with a soft crown, put on in easy folds of brown silk. Buttercups and pale wood violets form the garniture in front, mingled with loops of cream-tinted serge silk.

A WHITE PIQUE SUIT

For a child of eight or nine years of age, was made as follows: The skirt laid in close by over-lapping kilt plaits. The waist was of cambric, made box pleated blouse fashion. A sleeveless jacket, longer in front and at the sides than at the back, accompanied it, and a dainty pocket in folds was placed low down on the right side of the skirt. A wide cardinal-colored sash was worn with this suit, low down on the hips.

A SUIT FOR A LITTLE BOY

Of seven years of age was made as follows: Deep jacket, coming low on the hips and falling away from the front, revealing a deep, square vest. A small lappel fastens this jacket just below the neckband, and a deep sailor collar, of white linen, edged with Irish guipure lace, is worn with it. The pants are rather loose, reaching just below the knee, and have two rows of braid down the outer seams, between which are placed six buttons. A sailor hat of dark gray straw, set far back on the head, is worn with this suit. The cloth of which it was made was dark gray cassimere.

PRETTY LITTLE MORNING WRAPPERS

For children of three, four, six years of age, are shown in the new ginghams; fine checks of pink or blue being generally chosen. They are cut Gabrielle, and have the opening down the entire front edged with a knife-pleated frill of plain pink cambric, or blue, according to the color of the check. A simulated basque front is put on from the shoulder seams, edged all round with a knife-pleating of cambric similar to that upon the wrapper. A tiny standing collar or ruff of cambric, pockets and sleeve cuffs of the same, completes this pretty garment. The serviceable nature of the gingham, its washing qualities, and strength of fibre commend it to mothers.

OUR WORK TABLE.

Our model for this issue is the popular fichu or Martha Washington cape, which will form an adjunct of most summer toilettes. The one we propose to describe is of plain white swiss or French muslin. Of wide muslin, a yard and a quarter will be ample; six or seven yards of Valenciennes or Duchesse lace are required for edging, unless something very simple is desired, then a knife-pleating of muslin will answer very well. For foundation, cut a small, pointed cape of the muslin, with ends long enough to cross on the bosom. Long, bias folds around the top and down the sides of the pointed ends; three overlapping bias folds of about an inch wide each; next put a row of shirring, finely done and about two inches and a half wide; then bias folds, graduated the widest at the bottom; then a row of Valenciennes lace, at the edge slightly fulled on. Put a bow of ribbon at the neck, at the back, and two bows in front, where it laps over. If a knife-pleated frill is preferred, make it three inches wide, and pleat it very close and fine. Instead of bows of ribbon, long loops may be used; also, a standing ruffle be put inside of the upper part.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Long veils of silk tissue or grenadine are worn around straw hats intended for morning wear.

Little girls wear for the intermediate season, brown cloth Dolmans, trimmed with slashings of white merino braid, and buttoned with pearl buttons.

Cream-colored chips prevail in dress hats. Many have long ends of similarly tinted ribbon at the back.

Long trailing cluster of roses and buds with flexible, rubber stems are used for trimming hats and bonnets.

Among the novelties in trimmings are fringes of ostrich tips, pale buff, cream, pink or blue, for edging the rims of delicate French chip hats.

Low-cut shoes of kid are elaborately garnished with bows and buckles.

Striped hosiery for ladies' wear is passed.

Light pongee parasols are again in vogue.

Moderately wide scarfs of cream-colored tulle, simply hemmed, are worn about the throat, tied about the collar in a bow.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. L. L., Winnsboro, La.—Replied to your letter, and sent patterns requested.

"ELLIS."—We see no indication of a return to the ungraceful crinoline, once so popular and uncomfortable. We always have the latest advices from Paris, and trust the good taste which is the leading characteristic of that gay city, may long avert such a catastrophe as a revival of hoop-skirts.

MRS. V. W., Jacksonville, Fla.—Dress your boy of ten in jacket, short pants, and vest of cloth, simply bound with braid, and trimmed with buttons; elaborate braiding is not admissible on suits for boys of that age. 2. Yes; dark green is fashionable in silks still; also, in ribbons.

KATE McC.—If your hair is very thick and long, you can wear it in a long plait, tied with a ribbon at the end. Many persons leave ends long enough to curl below the ribbon, which gives a pretty effect.

MISS EVA D.—Cardinal color is still worn, and a half-blown rose of that shade, or a carnation, will look very well in front of your cream-colored chip hat, among cream-colored loops and lace. You can obtain the lace mitts you mention. They are not as yet seen upon the promenade, but used evenings in connection with the popular Martha Washington costume. Gray and cream-colored ones are used as well as the black ones.

NINON.

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

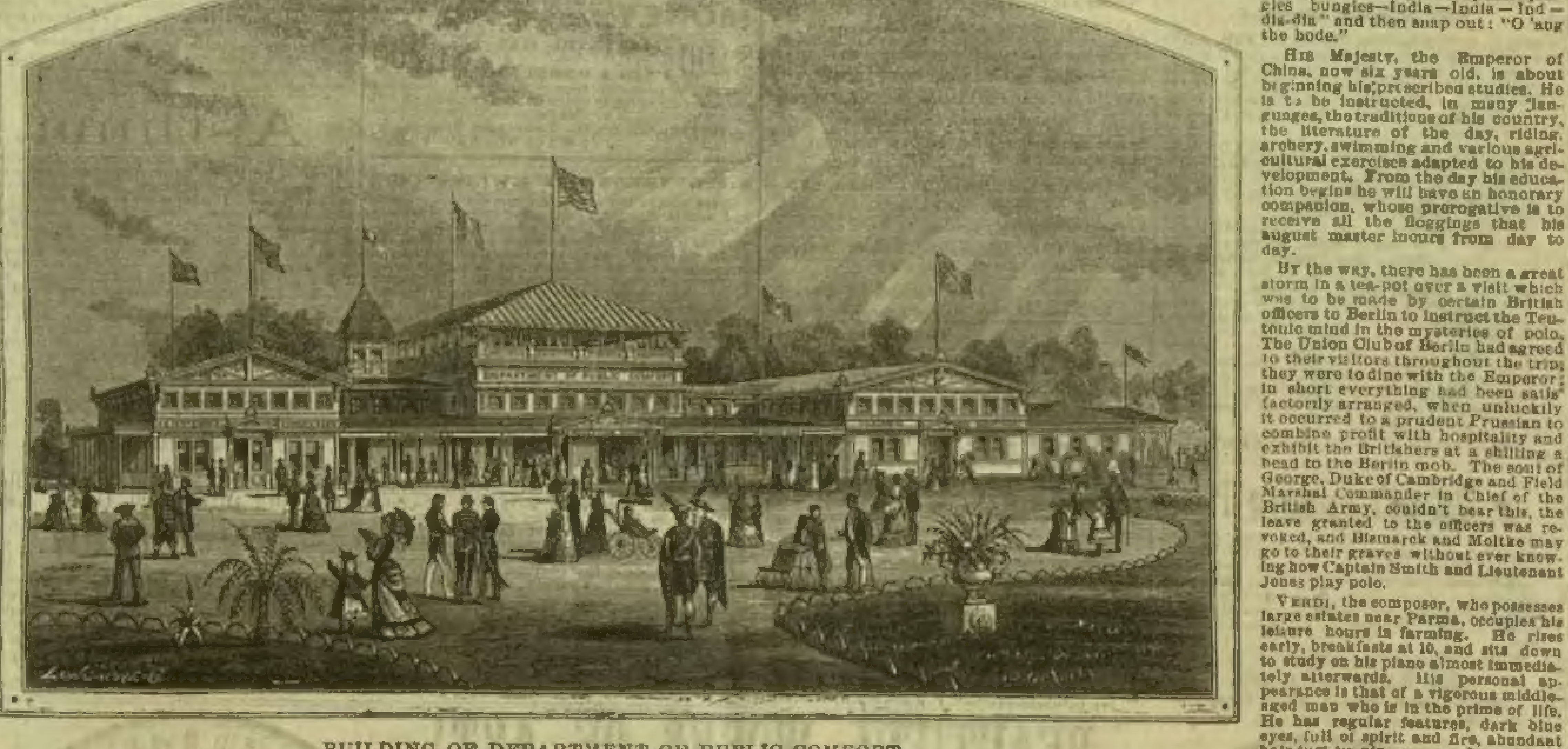
Department of Public Comfort.

Among the conveniences of the Exposition, there is none more deserving of mention than the one of which we this week give our readers an illustration. It is a large building, 200 by 100 feet, and is situated immediately east of the Judges' Pavilion and fronting the open semi-circle bounded by Machinery Hall, the Main Building, the Main Entrance, &c.

It contains one very large room, ladies' parlor, coat and baggage room, lunch counter, barber shop, ladies' hair dressing room, labatories, etc. Entrance to the building and to an open-air gallery over its central portion is free to all, while a moderate charge is made to any of the special services named. The building throughout is ornamental in its character, and well lighted and ventilated. In connection with the coat and baggage room are ten stations, in and about the Exhibition buildings, where articles of wearing apparel, umbrellas, etc., may be deposited and cared for, or checked for delivery at other stations. The reception room opens on the east into the telegraph department, where are exhibited and in use all the telegraphic appliances of the day—police and fire-alarm, etc. It is also a station of the corps of Centennial guides. The ladies' parlor is handsomely carpeted and furnished with divans, easy chairs, mirrors, etc. The reception room is furnished in oak and black walnut, and contains a few office desks for the occupation of business parties desiring to hire them, and this is a convenient place where parties may meet on entering the grounds, make their arrangements for the day's pleasure, and use it for a general rendezvous for business and social purposes, and where all the necessary accommodations of a first-class hotel may be found. A register is also kept, free of charge, in which visitors who desire may enter their names, address, and date of intended departure, so that friends may readily learn of their whereabouts, and all letters addressed in care of the "Department of Public Comfort" will be properly retained until called for, or forwarded to any point requested.

The top of the building, which commands a splendid view of a large portion of the grounds, will be roofed in and provided with chairs, settees, etc. It is intended for the use of those who wish to indulge in a segar, or who desire an airy and certainly very comfortable resting place. It is essentially a Department of Public Comfort, the advantages of which will doubtless be fully appreciated.

The offices of the Centennial Commission and of the President, (General Hawley), have been transferred to this building. Permanent headquarters for the Press have also been established in its western wing, the rooms at first assigned for this purpose in the Judges' Pavilion having been appropriated for the use of the Committee of Awards constituted by the Judges of the Exhibition.



BUILDING OF DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC COMFORT.

THE MAN EATER.

"Sorry for you, Mr. Edwards, but there's no help for it," said the staff-officer in charge. "Here is the lieutenant-governor's dispatch—read it, if you like—conveying peremptory orders from Calcutta, in compliance with the desire of the India Office, to stop the works. It is a hard case, I admit, but I have no option. I am to pay up your salary to the date of legal notice, and that is all."

I, Raymond Edwards, was then a surveyor employed in laying out the Raneepore branch of the Carnatic and Malabar Railway, and the sudden decision of my superiors came upon me with all the startling suddenness of a death-blow. Poor and encumbered with a sick wife and a child, I could not hope to reach the nearest presidency town, Bombay, on the meagre traveling allowance to which I was entitled. We therefore lingered on, in our hired bungalow, built on one of the lower spurs of the Western Ghauts, awaiting the result of an urgent appeal for temporary aid, which I had addressed to a friend, then in high military command in Central India.

Time passed on; the works were suspended, the arrears paid up, the laborers dismissed, and yet perforce we remained residents of the unhealthy station of Chota Mahal, the primeval forests stretching on one side to our very doors, while on the other soared aloft the peaks of the mountain range rising, a giant wall, between us and more civilized regions.

How often did I upbraid myself for the folly which had induced me, on the strength of a mere temporary engagement, to bring my delicate wife and the boy into a district so unfavorable, now that the cold season was at an end, to health. But hopes had been held out to me of a far better post at Oodeynuggur, and Ernestine had made light of the risks and hardships of the Mofussil, and I had been a fool.

Now I was poor and unemployed, and the small horde of rupees was lessening fast, for Ernestine required comforts that it was hard to provide in that out-of-the-way corner of Western India. Little Arthur was well as yet, but the sickly heats of a tropical summer were coming on, and—"News, but not good, Edwards," said the kindly doctor, as he came in to pay his daily visit to my ailing wife. "This post brought me a letter from my brother at Jhansi. General Morris—your friend, you know—has started, on sick leave, for England. I am afraid your letter will have to follow him to Chelte-ham."

This was bad news indeed. Months must elapse before I could receive a reply. The good-natured doctor, and the other minor officials, were needy men, and unable to lend me the wherewithal to——

"Sahib, another death!" reported a passing policeman, lifting his hand in salute, to his turban, as he passed my door. "This time, it was a decent man, a shroff from the bazaar, that the man-eater pounced on. That makes nine-and-twenty deaths that the cunning brute—accursed be his sire and grandmother!—has to answer for. And the reward is to be raised, our lord the magistrate says, to fifteen hundred rupees; not that any one is likely to venture in upon that four-footed fiend. On Monday last he killed the sixth ferryman at Nagal Jat."

The animal of which the policeman spoke was a famous man-eating tiger that had for months been the terror of the neighborhood, and that haunted the outskirts of the village, carrying off, now a herdboy, now a girl filling her brass water pitcher beside the tank, and especially molesting the solitary boatman who plied at the Nagal Jat ferry, no fewer than six of these poor fellows having perished in the course of ten weeks through the malice of the man-eater, whose den was believed to be among the caverned rocks near the river. Extra rewards, in addition to the usual head-money granted, had been offered by Government for the destruction of the beast, but he was too wary to be trapped or poisoned, while the native shikaries did not care to risk their skins on such an errand as tracking the enemy to his lair.

But fifteen hundred rupees! That hundred and fifty pounds meant much to a man in my case—meant Ernestine's safe removal to the breezy seacoast near Bombay, where comfort and change and medical skill would bring back the hue of health to her pale cheek, and escape for little Arthur from a climate unfit for European children. It was a desperate venture, but still the idea of it took hold of my mind, and I resolved to stand the hazard.

There were not, in that station, sportsmen provided with the necessary outfit for tiger-hunting, but, had there been, the country was too rough for the use of elephants and beaters, and craft for craft could alone obtain an advantage over the skulking man-eater. Telling Earnestine that I was obliged to absent myself on business, and might not return till late, I left her under the care of her ayah, and set off for the ferry of Nagal Jat. A wild spot it was, amidst huge trees, and tall grass and bushes, and jutting rocks that overhung the river, where stood the ferryman's lonely cottage. Six of his predecessors had fallen victims to the tiger, and I found the new occupant of the post in low spirits resigned, with the strange fatalism of orientals, to die, "if it were so written." I could talk fluently in the vernacular, and easily, by the means of a rupee or two and a little persuasion, brought the man to agree to what I proposed.

An hour before sundown there arrived a party of native travelers to be ferried across, all of them with faces blanched by dread of the terrible foe that might take toll of their numbers, and all of them shouting and singing, and clattering their swords and clubs, or beating on gourds with drums, to scare away the monster. With this noisy company I crossed the river, and, when they had departed on their route, prepared to return, alone.

I well remembered that the ferrymen who had been killed by the man-eater had always been assailed on the way homeward from the river bank to the hut where they dwelt. On this fact I had based my simple strategy. Just before sunset, at the hour most propitious for a tiger's attack, I stepped alone into the heavy boat, and, leaving its owner on the bank, grasped the rude oars and rowed lustily toward the other shore. I knew too well the habits of man-eating tigers to be, on this occasion, in European garb. Had I worn my customary attire, it is probable that I might have passed close by the ambush of the striped foe untouched, for a man-eater excels the fox in suspicious caution.

I wore, now, the scanty attire of a native of low rank, and had even taken the precaution to daub my neck and shoulders with the red ochreous clay from the river, lest my white skin should awaken doubts in the mind of the lurking brute. On landing, I made fast the boat, and, selecting the narrowest and least trodden of the paths that led through the bushes and tall jungle grass, advanced with leisurely step towards the hut. As I did so, I passed my hand within the broad cotton girdle that I wore, and beneath which were concealed my weapons—a large-sized Colt's revolver and a heavy hunting-knife. The pistol was cocked and ready for instant use. In such a case as this all depended on the judicious employment of moments.

I had not proceeded far before I felt, as by a curious sort of instinct, that I was not the only occupant of the jungle. I could hear nothing. The velvet feet that regulated their pace by mine were noiseless, nor was there any sound of rustling, though the high grass, which rose above the level of a man's head, waved and bent to the left. I glanced aside, but could see nothing; yet I divined, as plainly as if my vision had been preternaturally sharpened, that I had been both seen and scented, and that the man-eater was pursuing a parallel course to mine, watching me as if it had been a cat in stealthy chase of a mouse. My heart throbbed wildly, but the memory of Ernestine's pallid face and wistful eyes arose to give me courage. It was too late now to flinch. I must do or die.

I had only once before shared in hunting a tiger; but I knew their habits by report, and was careful to keep moving at an even pace, knowing that to run or to halt would be alike certain to precipitate the attack. All at once I saw the grass and boughs to the left were trembling under some pressure. I made one step forth from the screen of tangled vegetation, stood motionless, listening, for an instant, and then fell forward on my hands and knees upon the turf.

Quick as I was, I was but just in time. There was a low hoarse roar, and over my head flew, as if propelled by a catapult, a huge dark shape. The man-eater had made his spring and missed his stroke; before the baffled tiger could gather himself up, I was on my feet, and had fired three shots at close quarters.

Bang! bang! bang! rang out the sharp reports, as the ounce bullets sank, with a dull thud, into the soft striped hide; but words are too weak to express the rapidity with which the man-eater turned upon me, or the hate and fury that glistened in those terrible green eyes. Again the tiger lowered his head and arched his back for a spring. With all the coolness that I could muster I took aim at the glaring eyes, but almost as I pulled the trigger I was hurled to the earth with a violence that left me breathless and dizzy on the ground, while across me lay the tiger, its handsome head resting on a tuft of moss and wild flowers, and the blood welling fast from wounds in its neck and side. Its weight fairly pinioned down my right arm, and, although the revolver, with two chambers yet loaded, lay within reach, I could not make a motion towards it.

The tiger was dying! Of that there was not much doubt. Even the quick heaving of the striped flank told that my bullets had taken fatal effect. But the great cat of India, like his congener the lion, is tenacious of life, and it might well be that the man-eater, before he died, would sate his vengeance on the prostrate foe who seemed so utterly at his mercy. I was, save for a few bruises and a trifling scratch on one shoulder, unhurt, but——

Heavens! The fierce brute remembered me at last, for he had lifted his head, and his glowing eyes were fixed, with a malignant gaze, on mine. Slowly, and with an effort that was evidently painful, the creature turned its head towards me, and, with blood mingling with the foam on its whiskered lips, crawled forward. As the weight that pressed on my right arm was partially removed, I struggled, and by a great exertion freed my wrist and got hold of the pistol. Through the fast deepening twilight I could see the fierce eyes approach me, and already I seemed to feel the white fangs close on my bare throat. Almost mechanically I fired. There was a snarling cry, and a convulsive movement of the huge limbs, and I think I must have fainted, for the next thing that I remember is that I was being dragged from beneath the dead tiger. The victory was won.

The carcase of the striped monster, tied to bamboos, was carried, with dances and drum, into Chota Mahal by the overjoyed villagers, and the reward for the destruction of this notorious pest enabled me to remove my wife and child to Bombay, where the former, I am thankful to say, was restored to health. Some benefit may accrue, after all, from an interview with a man-eating tiger.

PERSONALITIES.

"OLD-MAN-AFRAID-OF-HIS-WIVES" is what the Indians call Brigham Young.

THE eldest son of the Khedive of Egypt is expected in Philadelphia this summer.

THE now complete title of the Queen of England is Victoria, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India.

A DUTCH Amazon, Miss Merkus, a wealthy maiden of 25, of middle height and prepossessing appearance, is fighting in male attire on the insurgent side in Herzegovina.

CLARA MORRIS, Jennie June says, has definitely relinquished all thought of returning to the stage the present season. Her physician says if she drinks beef tea and pure cream, and goes out on the plains and shoots an Indian or two, she may be all right next fall.

A BUSINESS man who understands the value of advertising occupies the entire page of a recent number of the London *News* in setting forth the excellence of the goods exhibited by him at our Centennial Exposition. His advertisement is in sixty-four different languages.

MISS LEE of Palmerston, Ontar o, played an organ solo at a church sociable last week which induced the critic of the *Telegraph*, a man not given to enthusiasm, to remark: "She brought out such music as would have made Apollo, had he been present, hide his lyre for very shame."

TENNYSON has been ordered to write an ode to the Prince of Wales, and it is amusing to behold England's poet laureate walk fretfully up and down his garden and hear him mumble "The Prince of Wales—favoring gales—spreading sails,—tiger's tails—the people yearn his return—our bosom 's burn—our love he'll earn—we'll tyrants spurn—jungles bungles—India—India—Ind—dia-dia" and then snap out: "O 'ang the bode."

HIS Majesty, the Emperor of China, now six years old, is about beginning his prescribed studies. He is to be instructed, in many languages, the traditions of his country, the literature of the day, riding, archery, swimming and various agricultural exercises adapted to his development. From the day his education begins he will have an honorary companion, whose prerogative is to receive all the floggings that his august master incurs from day to day.

BY the way, there has been a great storm in a tea-pot over a visit which was to be made by certain British officers to Berlin to instruct the Teutonic mind in the mysteries of polo. The Union Club of Berlin had agreed to their visitors throughout the trip; they were to dine with the Emperor; in short everything had been satisfactorily arranged, when unluckily it occurred to a prudent Prussian to combine profit with hospitality and exhibit the Britishers at a shilling a head to the Berlin mob. The soul of George, Duke of Cambridge and Field Marshal Commander in Chief of the British Army, couldn't bear this, the leave granted to the officers was revoked, and Bismarck and Moltke may go to their graves without ever knowing how Captain Smith and Lieutenant Jones play polo.

VERDI, the composer, who possesses large estates near Parma, occupies his leisure hours in farming. He rises early, breakfasts at 10, and sits down to study on his piano almost immediately afterwards. His personal appearance is that of a vigorous middle-aged man who is in the prime of life. He has regular features, dark blue eyes, full of spirit and fire, abundant hair just turning gray, a face without a wrinkle, and a nervous, well-knit figure made to support activity without fatigue. He is gentle-tempered and courteous to musicians, but has no patience with autograph hunters, whom he charges £1 and £2 each, according to quality, the money going to the relief of the poor of his neighborhood.

THE Sultan's financial embarrassments affect his domestic affairs as well as the affairs of State. The following is related by the correspondent of the French journal at Constantinople: "A few weeks ago, the Sultan, returning in a caique to the palace, found, ranged on the bank about 60 individuals humbly bent, the eyes bowed down, and the hands respectfully crossed on the breast; before them stood a personage having the arms raised in the air, and holding in his hands an immense *arzoukhal* (petition). 'What is that?' asked his Majesty, 'give me that paper!' They were the palace cooks, who declared to their sovereign that 33 months' wages were due to them, and they wanted something on account. The Sultan got into a violent and very legitimate passion, the Minister of Finance was dismissed, and the cooks received—absolutely nothing."

SCIENTIFIC.

A NEW blasting powder, named "heraclin," invented by M. Dickerhoff, is being tried in mines in France and Austria. According to the description given in the French patent, it contains picric acid, nitrate of potash and of soda, sulphur, and sawdust. It is said to burn comparatively slowly, so that it only fractures the mass, and does not scatter the pieces about.

GRIFFITH'S enamel is a recent invention which is said to be unaffected by the action of carbolic acid, and hence useful for coating the inner walls of fever wards in hospitals. Plates of iron covered with this enamel, and exposed to the prolonged action of sea water, are said to be kept fresh and clear from sea weed, the iron itself showing no signs of rust after the enamel is scraped off. It has been used by the British and other foreign governments. In India, it is reported it does not blister under the sun's heat. It has also been found effectual as a prevention against white ants.

HORSE-CLEANING BY MACHINERY.—A public test-trial of Newton Wilson & Co.'s "patent horse and cattle groomer" has taken place with satisfying results. The object of the new apparatus is to supersede the present mode of grooming by a revolving brush of bristles worked on much the same principle as that employed in hair-dressing by machinery, with the exception that the rotary motion can be reversed by means of a spherical handle, which can put at any angle. The machine is simple and portable, being no bigger than an ordinary grindstone, and can be driven by hand or steam. Currycomb and wisp are entirely dispensed with.

THE HEART.—Among Dr. Ferrier's conclusions, that respecting the heart is not the least curious. This organ is sometimes said to be in constant activity, unlike the other organs. But Dr. Ferrier says that this activity is not constant, but rythmical, "a term of action being followed by a pause or rest, during which the heart is to all intents and purposes asleep." Summing up the pauses and beatings of the heart on this theory, he maintains that the heart sleeps eight hours out of the twenty-four—the period which he regards as the most healthy duration for the pose of the whole body.

ACCORDING to the estimate made by Dr. Kudal, of Vienna, the quantity of paper produced in the whole world—paper of all kinds, of hemp, of linen, of straw, of jute, of hemp, etc.—amounts to 1,800,000,000 pounds. Half of this quantity is employed for printing purposes, and the remaining part for divers uses. The whole may be thus categorized: For government purposes, 200,000,000 pounds are used; for instruction, 180,000,000; for commerce, 240,000,000; for industrial manufactures, 180,000,000; for private correspondence, 100,000,000; and for printing, 900,000,000. For the production of these 1,800,000,000 pounds of paper, there are nearly 4,000 manufactories, employing 90,000 men and 180,000 women, there being also, in addition, 100,000 engaged in collecting rags. The individual consumption of paper is, in Russia, an annual average of one pound to each person, one and a half in Spain, two in Mexico, three and a half in Italy and Austria, seven and a half in France, eight in Germany, ten and one-quarter in North America, eleven and one-half in England.

MERCURY in a watch glass with a small quantity of very dilute sulphuric acid and bichromate of potassium, will, when touched with a needle, alternately dilate and contract. The explanation, is that a process of oxidation takes place. The same phenomenon may be produced by an electric current. This movement of the mercury has been taken advantage of as a motive power in the working of a small machine. By the sinking and swelling of mercury in two cups placed in a trough of acidulated water an up and down motion is originated, which can at pleasure be converted into a rotary motion. So feeble a current suffices to keep this machine going, that the suggestion has been made that it (the machine) may be employed as a very sensitive electrometer; and, probably though only a curiosity at present, it may be found available for other purposes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LACE.—LIZZIE L.—There are two kinds of lace made by hand, one called point or needle, and the other pillow lace. The former is made with the needle on a parchment pattern, from which it is detached when the work is finished, and the term "point" is also applied to lace produced by a particular stitch. Pillow lace is so called from the pillow, or cushion, on which it is made. The design of point applique is worked on the pillow, and afterwards is attached to the groundwork with the needle—hence its name. Valenciennes is a pillow lace: it derives its name from having been first made in the city of that name, though it is now no longer manufactured there, but in Flanders.

"UNDER THE ROSE."—INQUIRER.—"What is the origin of the saying, 'Under the Rose?'" In ancient times, the rose was an emblem of silence and secrecy, perhaps from the closeness with which its petals are enfolded in the bud. The Rose of Venus was given, according to a classic legend, to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, by Cupid, as a bribe not to peach about the goddess' amours. It was commonly sculptured on the ceilings of banqueting rooms, as a sign that what was said in free conversation was *sub rosa*, and not to be afterwards divulged; and, about 1526, was placed over the Roman confessionals as an emblem of secrecy.

NATIONAL DEBTS.—U. M. A.—The national debt of France is about $3,745,000, giving a pro rata of indebtment of about $100 on every inhabitant. That of the United States is about $2,100,000,000, in round figures, and taking the present population at 44,000,000, the proportion per head of the population would be $48.

R. S. H.—A "keeper" or "guard" is a ring worn next to the wedding-ring, as if it were intended to prevent the latter from slipping off the finger. The engagement ring is now usually worn on the same finger which is subsequently to wear the wedding-ring.

E. M.—"Is the word 'emperor' or 'empress' ever used in the Bible? We have been having a discussion about it." No; neither of the words occur in the authorized version of the Bible. The word "empire" occurs once, and is used to describe the dominions of a king—"And when the king's decree which he shall make shall be published throughout all his empire."—Esther I, 20.

WINDOW GLASS.—I. R. S.—"Is it known exactly when glass was first used for windows, and by whom? Please enlighten us on this point." It is said by some to have been used as early as the fifth or sixth century in some of the churches in Italy, but it was not until the eleventh century that glass windows were seen in England. Previous to that time, shutters made of wood, strained linen cloth, or paper soaked in oil, were in fashion, and continued to be used for two or three centuries longer by the common people, glass being a luxury that only the rich could afford. So late as the year 1567 there is an account of a survey of Alnwick Castle, in which the recommendation occurs that the glass windows should be taken out and laid up when "his lordshippe was not there, because throwe extream windes the glasses of the windowes dooth decay and waste, and the decay thereof shall be very costlie and chargeable to be repayed."

BEATRICE CENCI.—READER (Jacksonville).—Beatrice Cenci was a Roman lady of the sixteenth century whose memory has been preserved by her extraordinary beauty and tragical fate. She was the daughter of Count Francesco di Cenci, a man notorious for his wickedness of life, and became a victim to his unnatural passions. She appealed to the pope, but not receiving any redress, her mother-in-law and brother conspired with several others to assassinate the count. It is not certain whether Beatrice was privy to this plot. Suspicion, however, fell upon her, and she, along with the other members of her family, were carried to Rome, and subjected to the most frightful tortures. Beatrice constantly asserted her innocence, but was condemned to death, and, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts to obtain her pardon made by the noblest families of Rome, she was executed, along with her relations, on Sept. 11, 1599.

J. A. S.—"A gentleman called to see me, and during the visit, my sister made a casual remark, which was taken up by him as meant for an insult, although it was by no means so intended. After he left, I felt sorry for him, and wrote him, apologizing, and assuring him that no offence was ever dreamed of, but I have never received any answer from him, nor has he been to see me since. Please tell me if I acted in any way unladylike or forward in writing as I did, and what you think of his conduct?" You acted in a perfect ladylike and very considerate manner in writing to explain what had occurred, and you have no reason whatever to reproach yourself for having done so. We cannot say as much, however, for the gentleman, who, in treating your letter with such unpardonable rudeness, has not acted as a "gentleman" ought to have done.

HOMESTEAD LAW.—EX-SOLDIER.—According to the provisions of the Soldiers' Homestead Law, any soldier who has been honorably discharged from the army can enter 160 acres of government land, the title to which will mature five years from date of entry, provided he settles thereon as soon as he is discharged. Should he, however, before the expiration of the five years, change his residence, or give up the land, the land reverts to the government, and he has no power or right to sell or transfer the title, which in point of law he does not, and will not possess until the five years have expired. By a recent ruling of the Secretary of the Interior, entries of such homestead are no longer permitted to be made by attorney as before. In future all persons entitled to enter homesteads under this law, are required to make their applications in person, with due proof of identity, at the Land Office of the district in which the desired land is situated, and the affidavit required by the regulations of the Department upon such application must be made before the register or receiver of the office.

PAWNBROKERS' SIGNS.—B. A. S.—The three balls which constitute the pawnbroker's sign were formerly the armorial bearings of the Medici, upon whose escutcheon was the device of three golden pills (three *bezants or*, some called them). This family were the first great money lenders; whence their agents in England and other countries, displaying their armorial bearings over their places of loaning, others in the same line adopted the heraldic device. It has been facetiously suggested by some one, that the reason of the peculiar position of the three balls (the one above the two) is, that it is two to one that the pledger ever takes out that which he has put in.

MAGNETIC NEEDLE.—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—"Does the magnetic needle really change, and not point to the north all the time? If so, how is it accounted for?" Yes, the needle has what is called a declination or variation from the line forming the true north and south points of the horizon, which is constantly varying. In 1581, it was found to be 11° 15′ E. of the true north; in 1633, it was only 4° 5′ E.; in 1818, it was found to be 24° 30′ W.; and in 1822, 14° 12′ W. Scientific men have now come to the opinion that the declination varies alternately to the east and west to about twenty five degrees on either side, and it has been found from observation that it takes about 370 years to arrive at either extreme of variation after pointing due north. But the whole subject of terrestrial magnetism and its causes and effects is as yet, comparatively speaking, so little understood, that any hypothesis, such as the foregoing, cannot be accepted as thoroughly satisfactory. As for instance, the variation of the needle at any place is so inconstant, that it changes even in the course of a day, being sometimes east and sometimes west of the mean variation of that place. We have never heard any reason assigned for this somewhat erratic movement of the needle.

CLEANING MARBLE.—HOUSEKEEPER.—"I shall be very much obliged for some recipe for removing grease and other stains from marble. I have been asking around among my neighbors, but none of them can tell me?" An ox-gall mixed with a quarter of a pound of oil of soap-boiler's lye, and an eighth of a pound of oil of turpentine, with enough of pipe clay earth added to form a paste, brushed over the marble and permitted to dry thereon, and afterwards scraped off, will usually remove stains after one or two applications. Should the spots be caused by oil or grease, first apply common clay saturated with benzine to them. Ink or iron mould may be removed by a mixture of half an ounce of butter of antimony, and an ounce of oxalic acid, dissolved in a pint of rain water, and thereafter thickened with enough of flour to bring to the consistency of thick cream. Lay this evenly upon the stained portions with a brush, and let it remain a few days. If the stains still appear after this has been washed off, repeat the process. There are some spots that can never be perfectly removed; and others again that injure the polish of the marble in the process of extraction.

MISCELLANEOUS.—LIZZIE.—Vinegar or cold tea are both good for cleaning and refreshing black lace. After washing in either, fold it carefully round a bottle till dry.—J. R. D.—The postal registration fee is eight cents, in addition to the postage. A. H. M.—There is no sure cure for the cancer that we know of. You had better consult some responsible physician or surgeon rather than strangers. S. M. P.—Of course you should call on your friend after you received the invitation to her party, even though you were unable to be at it. DOT.—Let your own feelings be your own guide.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*